THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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THE FIFTH CRUSADE

THE advantages of the census, as pointed out by Mr. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, we do not question, and certainly we are awaiting the results with impatience. Considering the utility to which we can put the information it gathers, it ought to be the most important news of 1930. But while the benefits of the census in some ways are greater than they have ever been before—particularly in this year when statistics are seen as the only hope of stabilizing business which sorely needs stability—other advantages which formerly adhered to it have disappeared. We refer to its spiritual effects. Once the census was as good as a sermon, better than most. It must have been salutary to be reminded occasionally of our individual negligibility, of the fact that from the viewpoint of the nation we existed only as ciphers. But what we need now is something else entirely; not a loss of pride but an increase of dignity. And, if we interpret Dr. James J. Walsh correctly, it is for this reason he salutes the discovery of the new planet in the able paper which graces this issue of The Commonweal.

Indeed we do not need the census to remind us of humility. More effective reminders surround us every wakeful moment. The machines which charge madly at every man who presumes to walk the streets are simply demonstrating the obvious fact that legs are no longer so important as wheels. Probably if our legs should painlessly wither tomorrow the consequence to the nation would not be so disastrous as if we should scrap all automobiles, built, building, and planned, and the raspberry bush should reclaim the vast domains of Ford. Absurd as all this may sound, it is meant as an echo of something which has been worrying the more acute observers of emotional undercurrents in our industrialized age. Years ago Henry Adams was embarrassed upon contemplating the newer manifestations of progress in electrical science. Much more recently Eugene O'Neill, indicating the cults which might arise in the future, wrote a play about a man who worshiped a dynamo. And Mr. C. Delisle Burns writes: "The tool has become alive. From my talks with ordinary workers I get the impression that they feel dwarfed, not by capitalism, but by large-scaled machinery." Mr. Burns's workmen are not so greatly different from the savages who feel that the apparent life in any man-made wonder exists at a diminution of vitality in themselves. Painting the Indians a hundred years ago, George Catlin found that many chiefs were

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reluctant to pose, on the opinion that life passed from themselves to the canvas. We cannot press the point, but it may be that more able, and better-equipped observers would discover that our attitude toward machinery is as primitive as this, and as devoid of sophistication.

At times it would seem that our acceptance of the machine has been entirely too simple and complete. From the first we have made use of it without much thought to the necessity for holding fast to the spiritual values inherent in an order which it has destroyed. It has brought only to some of us such ease of living as the ancients never dreamed of, but with this removal of the natural disciplines of life perhaps there has come a need for the distinct and deliberate effort of the will if we are to retain dignity and independence as human beings. And there are plenty of signs that the effort is not being made. There is need for the preaching of a Fifth Crusade. It will declare that the machine is the necessary work of our hands, but since we have made it, we shall despise it, at least not venerate it as a live thing. We shall expect from it a proper service, without ever using it to impress men in a servitude wherein they are unable to help themselves, and possess more confidence in a machine than in their own talent.

This is not only simply a lament for the good old times. Of course when finding fault with the present it is always hard to keep from insinuating regrets for the fabulous days when a man could say with literal intent, "The Lord is my keeper, I shall not want," for when a hunger not of the spirit assailed his vitals, there could be found bread and meat at a monastery door; wherever he journeyed the fruits of the earth were ready to his hand, and if his thirst was as Noah's, there was wine for the poor in the halls of all great barons. Life was never so simple as that. But it seems to us that despite all we may learn about the discomforts of living in times past, the present itself is no grand golden age. To the machines which most sharply differentiate this age from any other we are subservient, and to such an extent that since we have made them almost like men it is in some places taken for granted that the only work left us is to make men like machines.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE Senator Grundy, his good work done, prepares for the elections in Pennsylvania, the tariff bill which is his great contribution to American life, is again with the House of Representatives. The House has acted speedily to further agreement with the Senate, and remove the danger of veto. It has accepted the Senate's higher duties on agricultural products as well as its lower duty on sugar. And the heavy majority which it cast against the debenture has made it unlikely that this embarrassing clause will again find its way into the tariff bill. It is one of the more precious projects of the Senate, but in its present temper the Senate will not undo the work of a year by insisting upon the debenture, or, for that matter, insisting upon anything else. If the coalition which made wreck of the Old Guard last fall still coalesced, things might be otherwise. The President is out of a most embarrassing position: he has declared that he would not sign a bill embodying the debenture principle; at the same time it would be quite utterly impossible for a Republican President to veto a tariff bill. In the matter of a flexible tariff, too, the House has strung along with the President. Outside Washington, however, the weather is not so fair and cloudless. Sundry economists—1,028 to be precise—have asked Mr. Hoover to veto the measure, on the ground that it would cause suffering by raising prices, that it would embarass the farmer still more than he is now embarrassed, and that the risk of "reprisals" and ruffled international contacts is too great to be run. It is evident that if Congress were made up of selected representatives from the 1,028, Congress would be a different body. One feels, however, that Mr. Hoover is likely to accept the political world now constituted by the sovereign people.

The House and the Tariff

THE debate regarding Judge John J. Parker, which has not yet been decided, is an illuminating instance of how bad a debate can be when only one side of the case has been argued. To a Senate interested for political reasons in wresting control from the President there is offered the name of a candidate for the Supreme Court whose chief-known distinction is that he hails from a district which has previously been overlooked when appointments were being made. There must be a good deal more to say for Judge Parker, but neither Mr. Hoover nor his friends have said it. They have contented themselves with a rebuttal of specific charges—prejudice against the labor point of view, hostility to the Negroes. All things considered, both allegations were pretty weak, nor could a certain amount of race feeling on the part of an upright southerner ever be termed a reason for doubting his juridical fairness or ability. But a political bout cannot be won by simply covering up. What one has been eagerly awaiting these days is a clear statement from the President to the following effect: "Judge Parker is the best man for the place for such and such reasons. If you can suggest a better candidate bring him on." Nothing of the sort has been forthcoming. Instead we have been treated to Borah and more Borah, while the name of the nominee has been bandied about with as much respect as the back-lot boys give to an old baseball glove. It is interesting, of course, to see that public sentiment toward the Court is definitely coloring the background. And may not this in turn have been definitely affected by liquor-law decisions? Or by valuations in rate cases? The answer is doubtful, it never having been harder to discern the nation's mind than now.

Nominating a Judge

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RETROSPECTIVELY considered, the fire at the Ohio State Penitentiary is one of the most significant catastrophes in recent history. We may differ regarding prison methods. There is something to be said for rigorous control, something for the development of prisoner initiative. But nobody on earth can defend a holocaust like this—as grewsome as the aftermath of a fierce battle—brought about by jamming prisoners into antiquated fire-traps designed to house a small number of men. It is foolish to try placing responsibility for such an accident upon a warden or a few guards. The first underlying cause is public unwillingness to build new and adequate prisons. Nor is this by any means confined to Ohio. The press has emphasized the truth that conditions are the same throughout the country. Overcrowded and unsanitary cells are ear-marks of the nation's prison system. In a measure this indifference has been justified by our general willingness to believe that the "crime wave," which has lately sent so many to jail, is bound to subside. Whether it will or not is an open question. Certainly none of the panaceas advanced for the cure and control of lawlessness (prohibition, for instance) has been in the slightest degree effective. Obviously everything possible must be done to halt the trek toward prison. Meanwhile, however, the status of the prison itself is likely to remain the major issue for a longer time than we imagine.

Inside the Hopeless Gates

UNTIL recently, Modern History, a text written by Professors Hayes and Moon, was approved for use in the public schools of New York City—was, indeed, adopted by many departments of history. It has now been outlawed on behalf of the school board, acting upon complaints lodged by the Reverend Lefferd M. A. Haughwout, rector of a Staten Island Episcopal church. The charges preferred against the book are several: that it is unfair to Protestantism and pro-Catholic; that it contains a quantity of "political dynamite," disguised as criticism of the existing social order; and that, above all, it is not a patriotic volume. The case has attracted so much attention that we shall reserve final comment for a later date. At present it will suffice to note that the situation presents a number of very interesting facts. First, if the book contains such a cargo of evil that one protest from a clergyman was sufficient to indict it, how does it happens that the school board approved the work in the first place? Grant that the History is really objectionable and you reach the conclusion that the board's critical powers are wofully undeveloped; grant that it is worthy of approval and you must deduce the belief that the timidity of the forces supervised by Acting Superintendent Harold G. Campbell (who issued the ban) is unparalleled. Secondly, what precisely are the rights of the public over the content of education? Are the voters and taxpayers entitled to control the academic platform, or is it enough that somebody should oppose one finding of scholarship to alter the teaching method and doctrine? It begins to look as if the time for a showdown on such matters had arrived. Thirdly, history is a record of the human race and so also of religion. Shall the history we teach be as correct as possible or as silent and innocuous as we can make it? An event which can raise such queries is not a trifling occurence.

What Shall the Pupils Study?

A DECISION of far-reaching importance was handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States when it ruled that the Louisiana statute providing free textbooks for children in private schools was declared constitutional. Hitherto it has been argued that such a law could not possibly be upheld, owing to the circumstance that public money was being diverted to private ends. The Court, however, declared: "The legislation does not segregate private schools or their pupils as beneficiaries or attempt to interfere with any matters of a purely private concern. Its interest is education, broadly; its method, comprehensive. Individual interests are aided only as the common interest is safeguarded." There is thus established a precedent, conformity with which may be argued in other states. One feels nevertheless that the ruling has implications which might not be so desirable. The attorney-general of Louisiana argued, for instance, "quo ad their use as textbooks, the public authorities of the state have control, whether the books are used by pupils of the public or private schools." May it not be deduced from this as a corollary that state educational authorities might justifiably claim other forms of control in the interest of "education, broadly"? Traditionally speaking, it is often difficult to maintain distinctions once they assume, legally speaking, the dimensions of hairs. Now is the time to think the matter over.

Free Textbooks Constitutional

WHEN the National Catholic Alumni Federation was organized five years ago, little held its members together excepting a desire to be associated for the common good. Though the early addresses and resolutions are rich in interesting material, they were not as a rule—nor, indeed, could they have been—devoted to immediate practical enterprises. At the recent Washington convention a marked change was manifest. Virtually everybody who spoke at all came forward with a plan, or at least a suggestion, of action. One advocated the establishment of placement bureaus designed to serve the graduate in search of a job. A real need for this kind of thing has existed for a long while, but one feels that in such matters the individual colleges will have to act as units. Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick presented a code which, he felt, should guide those making gifts or bequests to educational institutions. His was a powerful argument

College Men Convene

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against donations without strings attached, and regarding it much might be said. Speaking on behalf of The Calvert Associates, Michael Williams advocated the establishment of an "information service" equipped to answer the manifold inquiries which have been reaching the Associates during recent years. All these and similar suggestions are excellent. The mere fact that the Federation can entertain them hopefully is a tribute to those who have worked to organize it and endow it with vision and purpose.

A Decade of Catholic Charity

TEN years have elapsed since the foundation of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, ten years crammed with double blessings to those who give and those who receive. No résumé of the astonishing progress of the organization can give even a relative impression of how much good has been done. But in the record, a panorama of accomplishment, which ranges over the entire field of Christian charity and social betterment, is revealed the purpose not only of relieving but of preventing misfortune. "Normal home life—a family group in which it is good to live—has been the aim of Catholic Charities from the beginning. All the forces of preventive medicine, of character-building agencies, of scientific study and research, have been assimilated into and adapted for the family. There, at the keystone of our civilization, their sturdy power has been brought to play that this unit, on which society is based, may maintain its integrity." To this purpose the organization has unswervingly adhered. It has recognized that the fostering of these activities is most helpful when conducted under religious auspices. It has taught our laity the worth of active participation in the work of the Church and has provided an agency through which all can share in its spiritual deeds of mercy. The annual appeal again comes to stress this excellent opportunity. It may be an old story to the parishioners of New York but so is the story of poverty old, and equally old the unremitting and rewarding spirit of those who believe that "God is charity."

Has Business Improved?

WHAT can be said for the nation's prosperity varies with individual observers. During past weeks optimism has been heavily discounted in the security markets, which beheld many investment stocks falling to levels not measurably above those found during the decline of last fall. Hand in hand with this temporary deflation there has gone a tendency toward lower commodity prices. It seems relatively unlikely that quotations for grains, live stock and basic metals will remain at even current levels. Thus the nation may be facing an era of "cheaper dollars," with attendant decreases in the wage scale. If such a change could be effected without materially disturbing the industrial equilibrium, it might work out to every one's advantage. A comforting factor is the almost complete absence of panicky moods. Decreases in corporation earnings, reflected rather frequently in lower dividend rates, have been accepted as unavoidable and so normal incidents. The most disquieting circumstance is that the rural areas seem to have fallen still farther behind in the business race. A surprising number of bank failures are reported from farming districts which until the present have resisted the influence of precarious mortgage holdings rather well. It is reported that in many small communities it is now impossible to get a loan or even to cash a check. Until such conditions improve it is certain that general financial health must be reported still in danger.

Mother Jones's Telegram

THERE are those who consider Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr's. telegram to Mother Jones on her hundredth birthday "a mere gesture." Suppose it were? Gestures may be empty or, as these critics say "mere," but they are a concession; formal generosity is better than none. During the trouble at the Rockefeller mines sixteen years ago, Mr. Rockefeller was on one side and Mother Jones was on the other—and went to jail for it. Their later parleys ended in her calling his reform plan "lip service to democracy in industry," "hypocritical and dishonest." It seems to us admirable, so far as it goes, that Mr. Rockefeller should now tell her: "Your loyalty to your ideals, your fearless adherence to your duty as you have seen it, is an inspiration to all who have known you." We do not pretend to look into his heart and say whether the sentiment originated at its deepest level of emotional intensity. It may have; whatever the merits of his labor disputes, Mr. Rockefeller is not a small man. But even if it came from some spot nearer the surface, or at worst, indicated only that he did not want the moral disadvantage of that ancient quarrel chalked against him, the argument would hold. It helps social relations more, does more to allay the bitterness of these divisions, for one of the world's most powerful men to acknowledge the idealism of one of labor's most immovable champions, even out of self-interest, than for him not to. Not that we believe Mr. Rockefeller did it from self-interest. Mother Jones called him "a good sport," and we have no reason to gainsay her.

For Clerical Readers

EVIDENCE which has come into our possession tends to show that at least one American magazine is steadily growing in popularity among the clergy. While going to a train the other evening, we came upon a priest industriously reading a copy. A little farther on we encountered the same situation. Finally when a third and still more deeply engrossed clerical peruser of the identical journal to our wondering eyes did appear, the cumulative effect of the evidence was irresistible. We had not, as a matter of fact, suspected the magazine in question of having this special variety of "it." Examination fails to reveal

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that the editors furnish material for so much as a single sermon—although they do offer considerable food for thought. As a matter of fact, they call their publication the New Yorker. While we are not sure that this journal of humor and sophistication will designate our remarks as good advertising copy, they will no doubt agree that here is one kind of index to the point of view of the clergy and of America. The priest, too, needs to recognize the absurdity of many things. He is possibly more avid of the saving tonic of laughter than the average other mortal. And there is much to be said for American humor when it can produce a periodical which appeals so wholesomely (barring sundry defections) to the father confessor as well as to his penitent. Of course it would be too bad if—as is not the case—priestly reading stopped there. And what better antidote to this perilous possibility could we suggest than the exhortations to subscribe which are so constant in our own advertising columns?

Work for the Censor

GRATITUDE is due the Atlantic Monthly for the tone of its current editorial on what it terms "a recrudescence of poisonous propaganda." Recalling its protests against "the systematic use of the forces of religious bigotry" in the last national campaign, it indignantly cites in full one of the documents from the new crop of "lies known to be lies, and used only for their destructive power." The document comes from the American Sentinel of Religious Liberty, published in the national capital, and contains all the old half-witted allegations about the Roman menace to the land of the free, reworded with an expressed political purpose—a combination with which, as the Atlantic notes, we all became familiar at the last election. This looks forward to the next election, and after describing the papist plot against President Hoover's life and the Roman campaign against prohibition, it warns the citizen reader to be active with his vote in 1932, and smash "the Romanized, Tammanyized Democratic party" lest "the cohorts of Rome get a strangle-hold on the U. S. A." We have quoted thus far to get to the Atlantic's concluding comment: "This and more like it are distributed in huge volume through the United States Post Office. The censor's attention is elsewhere."

Park and Second and M. Patou

WHEN M. Patou, the famous dressmaker, returned to Parish recently, he called together American newspapermen to rectify, as he said, the misconceptions that had got around regarding his pronouncements on our working girls. He does not think them "ridiculous," it seems, for wearing to their jobs cheap copies of clothes designed for teas and receptions of their social superiors. He is, in fact, so democratic in his off moments that he approves completely "Second Avenue's desire to dress like Park Avenue." This is a little like Margaret Fuller's famous "I accept the universe." Clothes are a covering and a decoration, but chiefly and above all a social symbol, and rivers will stop running to the sea before that symbol loses its power. But this is in passing. M. Patou went on to assert that it is "from the strictly business viewpoint" that he deplores mass imitation of exclusive designs, since "it is more profitable for fashionable Parisian dressmakers to appeal to the snobbery of wealthy women." We respectfully suggest that this is a mere polite amende, and that M. Patou said what he really meant the first time. He may think the working girl ridiculous; how can he possibly think her unprofitable? She and the wealthy snobbish lady are the systole and diastole that pump his profits. She wears out each mode so quickly that she must double and treble his orders for new modes from those who have the money to be exclusive. The only thing surer than Second Avenue's desire to dress like Park is Park's firm resolution not to dress like Second.

THE BARD OF MANTUA

TWO thousand years ago Virgil was born in what was then relatively pastoral Lombardy. The boy who dreamed among the vineyards and the poplars—as one fancies he must have dreamed—cannot have expected that the life of his achievement would prove contemporaneous with that of Christianity itself. Nor is the lad of today, scanning the Aeneid, able to grasp the significance of this phenomenon of longevity. It is a mystery, attached to the still vaster mysteriousness of Greece and Rome. One would not be surprised, of course, if a handful of scholars kept up their interest in antiquities. The merely historical concern with age-old sciences and customs—so largely based on mankind's unceasing quest for a becoming explanation of itself—is not the point here. When Italy and the rest of the world gather to celebrate the birthday of the bard of Mantua, they will be paying their respects to a current that has moved through the very heart of Europe. Mediaeval civilization is inseparable from the Eclogues and the Aeneid. And for more than a thousand years the vision of lordly Rome conjured up by Virgil stood, in the flood of barbarism, like a very citadel of the spirit.

"I sing of arms and the man," says the proud exordium which the poet was to belie almost continuously. For his was the essential passion of synthesis. To a Roman who witnessed the triumph and murder of Caesar and that incessant conflict between mutually hostile cultures which made up the intellectual life of the empire, nothing could originally have seemed more normal than scepticism. Rome eventually died of that easily taken overdose of normalcy. Virgil's was a grandiose attempt to achieve remedial wholeness—perfect in its union of epic matter and form, its endeavor to wed reason and unquiet mystical longing, its modest dream of saving both primitive man and civilization. His long years of retirement were assuredly

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not for the sake of polished hexameters alone. In his day the matchless beauty of Homer's artlessness must have been quite as apparent as it is in our own. But it was no less true that the cultivated Roman was really playing, intellectually, when he read Homer. Confidence in "ox-eyed Athena" had become a mere convention. The tale of men embattled around Troy because of a man's illicit love for a queen belonged to an era of small earthly scenes, as would the later chronicle of Roland beleaguered at Roncesvalles. Romans were doing and thinking in terms of the world. A cosmic epoch had grown out of provincial years.

How clear and refreshing is this largeness of the Aeneid! Here is a poem having, one may say, the true breadth of nature. Sea air and the spaciousness of heroic landscapes characterize almost every passage. Nevertheless Virgil sees it bound always in fealty to order, in the manner of Lucretius and the Greek sages. He aims to catch the very rhythm of this universal intelligence—not to be disheartened by recurrent moods of incredulity but to challenge and keep the faith. And for his encouragement there spoke out of the present and the immemorial past voices which might fairly claim to have caught, in a measure, the accent of mystery. Perhaps the sacred books of the Hebrews were not unknown to Virgil. Possibly he had heard strange rumors regarding an expected Messiah. At any rate the Christian poet would say of him and Plato: "Teste David cum Sybilla."

The man of our age, like the average mortal of Virgil's own time, is careless of these interlocking harmonies. He too easily credits the especial agnosticisms of current fashionable thought. Practical tasks are every generation's perilous besetting sins. Realizing that a certain specialization is needed to build railroads or drain mines of their ore, one easily focuses all energies on this point. No better simile for a business-conscious mankind could be found than the billiard table, at which a player stands indifferent to everything excepting a definite combination to be found with sure science and steady aim. The larger, more human problem of divining the conduct of the universe itself can be completely forgotten. Perhaps it is inevitable that the average, economically harassed citizen should forget. But it is surely the ultimate test of a thinker's value that he should remain conscious of "the thing"—and should not narrow the range of his vision to conform with the here-and-now behaviorism of the practical.

Of course Virgil was anxious to do and to persuade others into acting. That is why Dante reverently took him for a guide through Inferno and Purgatorio to the gates of Paradise, and affectionately termed him "the honor of all science and all wit." And if the general mediaeval affection for the greatest of the Roman poets was based specifically upon the so-called "Messianic" passages in his verse, the schools passed on to a later age an understanding of his integral conception. Educator and scholar alike continued to hold in esteem the value of his counsel. For that factitious separation between thought and practice, between the ideal and its realization, which some thinkers have latterly sponsored was alien to Virgil. Knowing the full import of Greece and Rome to universal civilization, he realized that they would be admired and followed as much for what they had done as for what they had thought.

When Christendom ultimately became the transcendant inheritor of antique achievement, love of truth for its own sake continued to go hand in hand with action. It is true that priority accrues to contemplative states, for the reason that life must be defined as that which is true. The actual carrying out of this "life" upon the limited mundane stage to which our human activities are confined invariably implies a falling off in vitality and scale. If the effort of Christendom to conserve most scrupulously every ounce of the radium of truth had been less intense, if it had contented itself with "getting things done," Virgil and the classic world would have been lost as completely as the message of Christ itself. Contemporary forgetfulness of this fact, even in the name of religious activity, has been aptly described by George Santayana.

"It is a striking proof of the preservative power of readjustment," he writes in Modernism and Christianity, "that the Roman Catholic Church in the midst of so many external transformations, still demands the same kind of faith that John the Baptist demanded; I mean faith in another world. The mise-en-scène has changed immensely. The Gospel has been encased in theology, in ritual, in ecclesiastical authority, in conventional forms of charity—like some small bone of a saint in a gilded reliquary; but the relic is genuine and the Gospel has been preserved by these thick encrustations. Many an isolated fanatic or evangelical missionary in the slums shows a greater resemblance to the Apostles in his outer situation than the Pope does; but what mind-healer or revivalist nowadays preaches the doom of the material world and its vanity, or the reversal of animal values, or the blessedness of poverty and chastity, or the infirmity of natural human bonds, or a contempt for lay philosophy? Yet in his palace full of pagan marbles the Pope actually practises all this. It is here and not among the modernists that the Gospel is still believed."

Having been led round to this point by Virgil, one may pardonably feel that he is still guide, philosopher and friend. Nor does it hurt to notice that he can be these things, despite his archaic speech, because of the excellence of his quest for beauty. If the world were not radiantly lovely, if even its pathos were not matchlessly appealing, the agnostic would have a better case. The Aeneid is abiding proof that wisdom is perennially a matter of listening to the harmony of the spheres and of enjoying with a pure heart the procession of comely forms. That art of visioning and listening Christendom has likewise been eager to learn from Virgil. It, too, is a bounty for which we may well say grace.

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WHAT IS RUSSIA?

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

In the interests of presenting the facts in the Russian case, we published some weeks ago a paper by an eye-witness, Mr. Paul Scheffer. The following article may be considered an effort to draw a conclusion from these facts. Mr. Sands, who listened to Lenin in the flesh, has listened carefully to voices speaking from contemporary Russia. He finds that the doctrine upon which Sovietism has been based is consistently incoherent, but that it nevertheless represents to Europe a real menace in the form of "a highly aggressive, subversive philosophy of life."—The Editors.

IT SEEMS to me that the true import of the danger to the rest of the world from Russia does not lie in Bolshevism as a political organism nor as an economic system, but as a materialistic philosophy based not so importantly on denial of God as on actual warfare against God. That has developed as the essence and foundation of Bolshevism and was not apparent at first.

Many years ago, when I was studying in Germany, I tried to balance in my own mind the social doctrine of Karl Marx and the writings of Father Cathrein and other Jesuits on his doctrine. It seemed then that while those eminent scholars were warning against the antireligious content their principal issue was with Marx's false economics. Later, when Lenin and Trotzky first came up to St. Petersburg I went to hear Lenin expound his interpretation of Karl Marx whenever I could get to where he happened to be speaking. His program for putting the Marxian economic theories into concrete application by political means appeared to me to be loosing on the world a thing which might overshadow the world war, but I did not yet realize the full import of the new gospel in its antireligious aspect, and I cannot imagine that any one outside of Russia then could possibly have understood what I was talking about, when I called the attention of our State Department to what was happening.

The Soviet form of government which has become anathema is not in itself very important. It is simply a form of democratic government which yields more easily than other forms to domination by a well-organized and ruthless minority, but it never seemed to me that it lent itself to the armed conquest of the world that many feared. It takes complete dictatorship for that.

There is no other reason why it should not work out reasonably well, and built on an intelligent and well-informed citizenry it might even work out very well.

It is in essence simply an extension of the town council system which was our own form in early New England. Delegates from the town council form a county council; delegates from the county councils make a provincial or state council, and in turn, delegates from these make a national council, of which the executive committee and the chairman conduct the national government. That democratic element in it is probably what has appealed to so many people.

That was the system developing in Russia when the imperial government fell to pieces and ordinary life had to go on in the face of war and revolution.

Those two remarkable men, Lenin and Trotzky, were quick to see that it was the only system in Russia with any vestige of democratic sanctions, when they attempted the first time to throw down the provisional government and were blocked by the unrecognized Council of Soldiers and Workmen's Deputies.

They took possession of the only force that stood in their way by having members of their flexible and energetic Bolshevik organization elected right through the council system to be its national deputies at the capital and so took on the appearance of being the only body expressing the popular desires and will. That in itself was not philosophically disturbing, quite aside from the fact that it is always disturbing to be shot at even in the name of reform and democracy.

There is unquestionably much to remedy in the whole system of the West. There was much in the speeches of Lenin that appealed strongly to all people who felt themselves oppressed in any form. The semireligious aspect of Bolshevism appealed to these as strongly perhaps in its way as Christianity appealed to the slaves of Rome. Lenin's powerful and prophet-like personality carried many westerners along on a wave of enthusiasm, such as Jack Reed of Harvard and many of the Society of Friends' relief workers. One disagreed at first in Russia, with the methods advocated and used by Bolshevists to bring about the millennium rather than with the ostensible form of government or their catalogue of social and industrial evils which make life a desperate adventure in the civilization we have evolved. The direct anti-God element, while always present, still seemed confined to ultraradical factions, and sporadic.

Gradually, however, it became apparent there was something very different underneath it all. Under democratic form a real dictatorship and tyranny had been substituted for an inept and slipshod bureaucracy. As a political revolution it became increasingly unlikely that the Russian experiment had anything to attract any large number of western peoples. As a remedial economic system, still less. There remained, as a positive danger, its effect on Asia and Africa as a means of expressing a growing—and justified—hostility to Europe. The declining appeal to western peoples was beginning to be clear to Lenin himself, when Lenin died. His successors have every appear-

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ance of total disagreement with each other without any of them having worked out a clean-cut and concrete philosophy and plan. That is natural enough, since Lenin the prophet was quite frank about the impracticability of the Marxian theory.

That appearance of philosophical uncertainty is confirmed in Trotzky's recent publication. It shows a curious indefiniteness as to the objectives of any one concerned in it. Each leading member seems to have some vague and intangible emotion of his own to which Trotzky refers as "Leninism," "Stalinism," Trotzkism," "Boukharinism" and the like. He is assuming of course, in this defense, that his immediate hearers and revolutionary companions know what he means, and is haughtily contemptuous of the understanding of outsiders who may buy his book. Quite likely he assumes that the bourgeois-capitalistic mind is incapable of grasping the content of these "isms," anyway.

The disturbing factor, the real menace is the common acceptance by them and their powerfully organized adherents (no matter how divided in theory) of a consistently materialistic and actively antitheistic philosophy of life "already widespread in other countries which have not yet had any revolutionary upheaval resulting in the casting away of traditional institutions." That is the menace: not as a political system, not as an economic program, not as an armed avalanche crashing down on western Europe, but as a highly aggressive subversive philosophy of life, for which many other peoples are prepared consciously or unconsciously even though they reject many of its present outward manifestations as applied to themselves. It seems to me that expectation of physical battle which is keeping Europe from disarmament is less to be feared than the battle of ideas within the bosom of each nation.

Just how this antitheistic doctrine is taught is quite apparent to recent observers who are not blinded by the beauties of the new political and economic experiment, and Russians themselves are well aware of it.

In the first years of Bolshevik domination in Russia, there was a lady living in one of the principal cities. She belonged to an ancient family and was therefore subjected to studied humiliation in the public services which she was ordered to perform and without which she could not have her daily ration of food. Her children were taken from her and put in Bolshevik schools. After a time she succeeded in rescuing them and getting them out to Germany—though the youngest died on the way. Asked by someone curious to know just what the new educational system is, she explained it as "based upon the exact reversal of the Ten Commandments." (She had been able to get the boy restarted in the right direction, but not the older girl, "for she found in western Europe the same mode of life, though perhaps in less sordid fashion.") In the intervening years since the death of Lenin that has grown to be the one consistent policy of Bolshevism. Until its effects become general in the world, its leaders know that their efforts in other lines are futile.

I think the recent arrests in Washington in connection with Bishop Freeman's meeting of protest illustrate very well the direction of the Bolshevist tide. A number of high school boys and girls were arrested for disturbing a rather innocuous Communist antiprotest. We rather complacently expect names of such persons to have a Slav or Israelitic ring. Not these, however. The majority were plain Anglo-Saxon.

It is a continuation of their very first tactics as a party. When Bolshevist revolutionary propaganda was discovered in the Russian barracks in 1905 and crushed, the Communist workers went out to the villages whence recruits were conscripted under the universal military service system. Ten years later when the world war had called up every man to barracks who was capable of bearing arms, the villages, the factories and the universities furnished the revolutionary material which Lenin and Trotzky organized and Stalin rules.

Just as in China the mission Church puts much of its effort on rescuing abandoned children and orphans, rearing them and with them founding Christian families, so has Russian Bolshevism concentrated on the children. Its leaders can afford to play with an ignorant and confused but still powerful peasantry and occasionally to relax their extreme anti-religious laws when strategy requires it. It is the children that matter. Each year in the last ten has added a new generation to the godless children of Russia trained in "the reversal of the Commandments."

There is no remedy for the evils of western civilization against which socialism in all its forms has arisen in protest but in a sound economic and social system based squarely on Christian principles.

Again, it is correct that as a recent writer has said "those who hold to Christian faith and morals must make mighty efforts in every sphere, by prayer and work, by spiritual, social, political and intellectual activities" to meet what I think I was right in forecasting thirteen years ago as a menace that might overshadow the world war. The Bolshevists have taken the battle to the schools and it is there that it will be won or lost.

America was never meant to be a battle field for such a struggle. We never intended to permit the extension to America of "the European system." We have committed two grave errors however, in constructing a new human society: first, we brought in African slave labor and later, the very people who quite rightly feared and condemned it brought in deliberately and without regard to potential citizenship unskilled labor from all of the world and on it built up here all the evils of the unprincipled and unrestricted industrial system that had replaced an oppressive feudal society in Europe. We cannot blame the "alien" for the introduction of all those social and industrial evils he brought with him. We did that ourselves, and we are suffering the consequences of industrial exploitation today. It is idle to continue to hold up Russia as a horrible example unless we go back to the roots of

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citizenship and try to reconstruct from the beginning the ideal America we lost sight of in the decades after the Civil War when all ties were loosed, and we set up here the most undesirable and dangerous part of that "European system" we had rejected.

That will not be accomplished by acrimonious dispute between Christians nor with those who whether Christian or not, subscribe to that system of ethics which we claim as Christian, and which was given in the Ten Commandments to the Jews, by whom Christianity was given to the world.

It will not be accomplished by a growing enmity between the various racial groups within the Catholic communion in America nor by hostility toward the older Americans among whom they settled.

It will not be accomplished by endeavoring to elect men to office because they are Catholics, rather than men whoever they may be, who subscribe to a definite set of acceptable principles and live up to them.

It will not be accomplished unless we Catholics undertake to form understanding citizens rather than egocentric politicians. That is a thing of the schools, and we shall not be successful there unless we put our effort on training men and women rather than on building luxurious quarters for credit hunters and for "social reasons" as one of our most eminent Churchmen puts it. We shall fail unless we develop in our Catholic youth some sense of personal and social responsibility, a sense conspicuously absent at present.

The burden of these things is not for Catholics alone, though certainly, if we believe what we profess in school, college and theological seminary, we should be among the leaders—and not the followers.

America will accomplish nothing in this direction as long as religion is barred from our public schools.

Let us admit that definite religious teaching was forbidden in our public schools in order to be fair to all differing theological opinions and on the assumption that religion would be taught adequately at home. That might work for a generation in spite of the fact that most parents of children in the public schools (supposedly well grounded themselves in their religious beliefs) would have a hard struggle to guide the religious development of their sons and daughters under the pressure of industrial life. When it came the turn of those sons and daughters to continue as parents the religious development of their own children one might expect perceptibly less knowledge, and each succeeding generation passed through the public schools would obviously have less. Our public schools have their great place in the American experiment. The democratic experiment can never succeed, however, unless upon a basis of accepted principle, and there is no sanction for principle outside of religion.

FAR BEYOND NEPTUNE

By JAMES J. WALSH

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at man's assumption of a certain lordship of the universe of which he used to be so proud. It has become rather the custom to scoff at man's presumption of personal significance, situated as he is in the midst of the incommensurable elements that make up the universe. Yet he has reached out a matter of 3,000,000,000 miles and has picked out a star very similar in appearance to the other stars but very different in nature, as it proves to be a hitherto unknown planet. Man's reach is not longer than his grasp, for he is already able to tell us so much about this new planet that manifestly it will not be long before anyone who wishes to be may be quite familiar with the course in the heavens of this stranger who has just swum into our ken. It was not a mere chance hit that the discoverer made, no find by the way in the course of telescopic sweeping of the heavens, for the observer had been told just where to look for the hitherto unseen world and it was there that he found it. It is so small an object in space that it required a number of observations to make sure of the character of the starlike body which had hitherto seemed to be just one of the myriad stars in the heavens, but the prophecy of its existence had been veridical and the event was exactly what the mind of man had determined beforehand.

As I have said, a favorite commonplace of the intellectual-minded in our day has been man's absurd superiority complex as to his importance in the universe. It has been pointed out over and over again that while man believed himself so important it was easy for him to imagine and even to persuade himself that he surely would not die and end it all as did the animals, and that his personality must be expected to endure in immortality. When the earth seemed the centre of the universe and man the lord of the earth, such conceit might be tolerated, but with the growth of our knowledge of astronomy, especially since Copernicus's time, man's supremely insignificant place in the universe of things as they are, has been emphasized to such a degree as apparently to make his pretensions ridiculous.

Now that the earth is proclaimed by many to be just one of the minor planets of a solar system probably not by any means the largest in the universe of things as they are, on which an accidental concatenation of conditions in the carbon compounds brought life into existence with human life as the culmination of that very interesting happening, it would seem as though man ought to take on a humbler attitude and realize something of his pettiness. As the lord of the world in the older time, man might be expected to be of special interest to the Creater Himself, Who made the uni-

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verse as we know it and keeps it going by His conservating activity. Under present conditions when the universe has been multiplied to many millions of times the size that it was supposed to be a few hundred years ago, it would seem to be utterly absurd for man to continue to harbor these thoughts as to his importance and the consequent inference as to immortality, though that might very well have been expected, or at least borne with under the circumstances of things as they were supposed to be known before. As it is, surely man seems to be the merest of mortals with no special reason for feeling that the Great Power behind the universe should be particularly interested in him.

And yet, when it is recalled just how this latest discovery in astronomy was made man's significance rises strikingly in the scale. Years ago Professor Percival Lowell with no aid but paper and pencil, a table of logarithms and his own mathematical genius, came to the conclusion that there was another planet revolving around the sun beyond Neptune and then proceeded with those very simple materials to demonstrate just where it could be found. This was not surprising because the other latest-known planet, Neptune, had been found in the same way. Uranus, the planet beyond Jupiter, had been discovered by Sir John Herschel, astronomer royal in England, by searching the heavens with a telescope. When the astronomers mapped out the course of Uranus, they were surprised to find that it would not keep the schedule they had mapped out for it. Sometimes it came in ahead of their time table, and sometimes it was behind time. That may be tolerated in humanly directed movement but not in the stars. About the middle of the nineteenth century, astronomers began to declare that the reason for these divagations in the revolutions of Uranus was that there was another planet influencing it by the attraction of what we call gravitation, interfering in various ways with its carefully mapped-out course. About that time Tennyson, the English poet laureate, declared that you cannot pluck a flower without moving a star. As a poetic affirmation of Newton's law that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle of matter with a definite force, that was a happy formula.

The speculations of the astronomers became the facts of celestial mechanics. Two mathematicians, one in Paris and the other in Cambridge, England, sat down to solve the very interesting problem: "Uranus's irregularities in its course indicate the existence of a planet outside of it, influencing its revolutions. Find the planet." Leverrier working in France and Adams in England, found the solution of the problem about the same time. Leverrier wrote to an astronomer friend and said that if he would look into a certain part of the heavens on a particular night, he would find a star not down on his star maps, and observation would show that that star moved and really was a planet. The event confirmed the prediction. Adams had solved the problem quite as successfully as Leverrier but as he was a younger man, only in his middle twenties, his suggestion in the matter was not taken so seriously as that of Leverrier, and the English astronomers failed to find the planet until after the announcement had been made from the continental observatory. Adam's calculations, however, were just as accurate and just as absolute as those of Leverrier and the human mind had reached out and solved one of the great problems of the universe merely by its power of intelligence and without any of the accessory aids from the senses that are supposed to be so necessary for the acquisition of knowledge. What an interesting conditioned reflex that would be which spanned 3,000,000,000 miles!

Now the human mind has reached out far beyond Neptune, but just as infallibly, to discover this new planet. There are those who would identify brain with thinking power, and who would suggest that thought is largely or perhaps entirely a function of matter. How strange it is that this brain of, let us say, five by eight inches of material, should reach out across a space of 3,000,000,000 miles and grasp this hitherto unknown planet.

Almost needless to say this is not the limit of human grasp, for man's understanding of the universe is not limited by our solar system. He can reach out just as confidently to the starry universe beyond any of the planets, beyond our solar system to other solar systems and to distances in the heavens that can be calculated only by using as a unit the almost incredible term, a year of light. Pessimism may minimize, but this human mind of ours is significant to a degree that exceeds the boundaries of all the universes.

And yet even discoveries of this kind do not represent the greatest of man's achievements. These are represented by certain powers that man rightly calls creative, because they resemble so closely the power of the Creator to produce something out of nothing. Man's poetry, his painting and sculpture, his architecture—all these count for far more than man's mathematical ability; great as that is, it is at best only inferential. The basic material for it must be acquired from without by observation. When men first proposed to make calculating machines, it seemed almost like blasphemy, for arithmetical processes were supposed to represent reason almost at its highest. Seven centuries ago Ramon Lullius, the great Spanish philosopher and theologian, suggested that he could make a logic machine from which, by the introduction of appropriate propositions, conclusions could be drawn.

The creative power of man is something very different, something ever so much more sublime, and yet this discovery of the new planet cannot but demonstrate how almost infinitely greater man and his mind are than it has been the custom to proclaim, particularly in recent years. Someone once said, "Man is greater than anything that he can grasp. He is superior to anything that he can comprehend." These expressions do not represent mere figures of speech. They proclaim realities.

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UNDERFEEDING THE INDIAN

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

THE statement that 21,633 Indian children, wards of the United States, now in boarding schools supported by the federal government, are slowly starving to death as a result of government parsimony in the matter of supplies comes as a shock to the people of the country. The statement is made by the authorities of the American Indian Defense Association. It is not strictly true but it comes so near the truth that there is little comfort in any inaccuracy. The authorities in the Indian Bureau in the Interior Department dissociate themselves from the statement of the Defense Association but the facts and figures they have submitted to Congress give ample support to the contentions of the latter with respect to the needs of the children and of the Indian service generally.

The present situation in the Indian schools arises specifically from the failure of Congress and other authorities to take into account the increase in the cost of living supplies at the present time over prewar days. Generically the trouble comes from years of neglect, ignorance and a lack of a definite and coördinated policy in regard to Indian affairs generally of which inadequate financial support has been at once a symptom and a cause. The facts of the present situation in the Indian schools are beyond dispute. For years the government has been attempting to feed the children in the Indian boarding schools on a maximum of $.20 per child per day, of which $.14, and much of the time only $.11, represent purchased food, and an average of $.06 represents food produced on the farms attached to the schools which are operated largely by the labor of the Indian pupils who in fact have been giving more time to labor on the farms than to classroom work. The purchasing power of this maximum of $.20 per day has been gradually decreasing from prewar days until at present it is 39 percent less than it was fifteen years ago. Complaints became so insistent three years ago that Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work requested an investigation of the matter by the Institute of Government Research in Washington. That organization submitted a report in 1928 recommending, among many other reforms, that the food allowance for the children in these schools be increased at once to $.391 a day which is $.15 or 37 percent less than the per diem allowance for the army and navy. The present school ration is only 37 percent of the army ration. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur in June, 1929, approved this report but for the purpose of reducing the estimated expenditure, if possible, instituted a new investigation.

His commission confirmed the report of the Institute of Research but calculated that by the coördination of purchases, large-scale buying, the proper warehousing of supplies and other economies the per diem could be cut to $.378. On the basis of this report President Hoover in a special message to Congress last December asked for an additional appropriation for the current fiscal year of $595,156 for additional food and $252,000 for additional clothing and for a proportionate increase in appropriations for the next fiscal year. The recommendations for the current fiscal year were based upon the expectancy that prompt action could be had from Congress, still too busy considering the tariff.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill which contains these items was not passed by the House until February. It is still hung up in the Senate Committee. The House appropriation was for only a fraction of the allowance asked for by the President although the shortness of the period in the current fiscal year during which the appropriation may be available is to be considered. On February 27, the commissioner for Indian affairs appeared before the Senate Committee and stated that $600,000 more than the sum allotted by the House would be necessary if the standards set by the federal authorities for the care of the children were to be attained. As a matter of fact the authorities of the Indian Bureau are not asking for the full amount estimated as necessary by the investigating authorities for the simple reason that they do not believe they can secure it. They hope for an increase from year to year for the next three years until the necessary amount can be obtained. By 1931 they anticipate appropriations which will work out an allowance of $.345 a day or about 90 percent of the sum calculated by dietetic, health and welfare authorities as necessary for the proper feeding and clothing of these wards of the government.

> As to the Indian boarding schools the Institute of Research in its report said that it finds itself obliged to say frankly and unequivocally that the provisions for the care of the Indian children are grossly inadequate. The outstanding deficiency is in the diet furnished the Indian children, many of whom are below normal health. The diet is deficient in quantity, quality and variety. The effort has been made to feed the children on a per capita of $.11 a day plus what can be produced on the school farm, including the dairy. At a few, very few, schools, the farm and the dairy are sufficiently productive to be a highly important factor in raising the standard of the diet, but even at the best schools these sources do not fully meet the requirements of the children. At the worst schools the situation is serious in the extreme. . . . Next to dietary deficiencies comes overcrowding in dormitories. . . . The supply of soap and towels has been inadequate.

The indictment continues its distressing details ad nauseum. It is shockingly direct and complete. In its report the Institute noted that in its investigation it found wide variation between the best and the worst.

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> The best at times approached the ideal; frequently the survey staff has been able to take as their standard for comparison the attainments of the Indian Service itself. The worst often falls below the normal.

Hunger and rags for helpless children, wards of the government of the United States, form the most sensational feature of the Indian situation, but they are by no means the sole challenge to the American people in this regard. They merely serve to bring up the whole question of the Indian policy of the government and to emphasize the distressing position of the Indians as a whole. The American people are possessed of a false idea of the living conditions of their Indian wards induced by tales of sudden great wealth on the part of a few Indians in the Oklahoma oil fields. Compare the popular idea of the Indian with oil-land royalties riding around in expensive motor cars with actual conditions:

> An overwhelming majority of the Indians are poor, even extremely poor, and they are not adjusted to the economic and social system of the dominant white civilization. . . . The health of the Indians as compared with that of the general population is bad. . . . The prevailing living conditions among the great majority of the Indians are conducive to the development and spread of disease. With comparatively few exceptions the diet of the Indians is bad. The two great preventive elements in diet, milk and fruits and green vegetables are notably absent. . . . The housing conditions are likewise conducive of bad health. . . . Sanitary facilities are generally lacking. . . . The number of Indians who are supporting themselves through their own efforts according to what a white man would regard as the minimum standard of health and decency is extremely small.

A frank description of the condition of the average Indian is not pleasant reading.

In spite of the millions of dollars expended upon the Indian in the United States the Indian problem is just as unsettled as it was a quarter of a century or more ago. The most that has been accomplished has been the demonstration at a few of the Indian agencies that with proper leadership, proper resources, and adequate energy the Indian can be educated economically and politically; and also the demonstration in the case of many individual Indians that the possibilities of the race are great. Present efforts of the government are too haphazard, too dependent upon personal initiative and resources of individual agents, too superficial, too little coördinated to accomplish much of permanent value. The proper measure of the work done by the government for the Indian is not a comparison between conditions as they now are and conditions as they were fifty years ago but a comparison of conditions as they now are with what they ought to be as indicated by the work of other agencies, public or private, engaged in similar work for the people of the country as a whole or for other special groups. Measured by the latter standard, the United States is not doing for the Indian what it ought to be doing.

In practically the whole of its relations with the Indian tribes the chief characteristic of the policy of the government toward the Indians has been that of patron toward a dependent. It has given the Indian land for land taken, but has not taught him how to use it; it has given money instead of teaching him to earn his own daily bread; it has endeavored to protect him in his property rights without teaching him to protect his own rights; it has broken up his old manner of life without showing him how to adapt himself to the manner of life of those around him. The whole Indian problem has been considered one of supporting a poor family relation instead of one of education in the broad sense of fitting him to become an integral part of the family. Neither the white nor the Indian race has willingly brought the two races into close contact; it has been forced upon both by the march of progress. Whether or not either race is willing, this close contact must continue by the force of circumstances. As a matter of preserving their own racial and social standing it behooves the white race to see to it that the Indian portion of the community is as high morally, mentally, physically and otherwise as any other portion. While the states and local communities are not without responsibility in this matter the chief responsibility by tradition, organization of our government and by previous relations rests upon the federal government and that responsibility is direct and unavoidable.

Under the present conditions the Indian problem is a perennial problem, continuing from generation to generation indefinitely. If this problem can be handled in a vigorous way along broad educational lines and with thoroughness it will be completely disposed of in two or three generations as in fact it has been disposed of in some limited areas and among a few tribes. As a mere matter of economics, not to mention other and higher considerations, it would be sound policy and real economy to double present-day appropriations and accomplish something of which the American people can be proud instead of being under the charge, only too well founded, of starving their helpless wards. At all events a crisis in the Indian affairs of the United States has been reached and in the policy of the immediate future lies a determination of the question whether the Indian shall be allowed to die out in poverty and disease or be set upon the high road to self-respecting citizenship.

To a Snail, in the Cemetery

Across the cool stones, every day,
He left a little silver track,
And went his all-sufficient way,
Wearing his house upon his back—

Then, when at length it came to pass
That the small tenant ceased to stir
Shining thus whitely from the grass,
Himself was his own sepulchre.

SARA HENDERSON HAY.

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Places and Persons

ALL QUIET IN UNION SQUARE

By HERBERT REED

PATRIOTISM and revolution (the latter hardly even incipient on its record for the day) split their holiday in Union Square in equable fashion, and for once at least the dove of peace was queen of the May. The newspapers kept their riot headlines, big and black, standing all day, with the exception of one sheet that conducted a riot all its own, and went flaring into the side streets off the square, only to evoke a gargantuan grin from the proletariat there assembled. Good-natured New York, that same good-natured New York that will mill around in the streets any time in the hope of something approaching a free show, gathered obligingly enough to furnish a Soviet photograph which probably will be labeled abroad as a "general strike"; admired Grover Whalen's neatly caparisoned detachment of police, many of them personally and favorably known to groups of their neighbors who had made the pilgrimage to Fourteenth Street, and after buying apples and candy, and languidly wandering about, departed homeward from a fairly satisfactory outing under a hot sun. There was not so much as a cheer in all that throng. In the rather more élite Madison Square, now a shrine of patriotism, due to the eternal light and the visit of Colonel Lindberg, there was a much higher percentage of doffing of hats as the colors went by then one would have been led to expect by the mass of incendiary "literature" that had been spread through the town; but then, Madison Square is always rather sedate. Only the better class of unemployed, the more adroit and gifted panhandlers, and the more respectable citizens who have had the park habit all their lives, patronize this square, and it was quite the proper station for the formation of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and their friends, which included some four hundred White Russians, about whom, with their Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Regiment bands, there was nothing very ferocious, or even militant.

Among these Veterans of Foreign Wars one occasionally came across the old army blue of the Spanish-American, and now and then, something of a rarity these days, a man or two of the ancient Hawkins's Zouaves. Decorous and just a bit solemn, this patriotic demonstration was really little more than a pleasant foretaste of Decoration Day.

Many of the veterans remained in the crowds that jammed the square and the side streets for the late-afternoon affair; among them a few majors, colonels and captains, complete with gloves and swagger stick; cellar pinks from the Village, artists, laborers, unemployed, etc. True enough it was that labor had laid down its tools for the day, as it had ever since I can remember, but in these days of a very real unemployment problem, most of the workless men seemed to have something else on hand than mere listening to the harangues of the Reds. It was the sort of crowd—and I have been watching New York crowds for more than a quarter of a century—that would have followed a first-class barker with side show anywhere, making the "demonstration" even more of a flop than it was.

If any one had been able to set up a revival of Huber's Museum, complete with snake charmer, fat lady, bearded lady, sword swallower, tatooed man, and such, he would have made a fortune. It was a showman's crowd if ever there was one, and the Reds proved to be poor showmen. It is detracting nothing from their real menace in this town, to say that the revolutionary materials were not at hand. The march from Rutgers Square was less inspiring than pathetic—little children dropping out after a block or two to sit between the comforting number elevens of some guardian of the peace—the swaying, unorganized march of the true believers in all that is Soviet—the herding in the Square, with occasional bursts of flag-waving—the mumbling singing of the Marseillaise and the "solidarity" song that certainly needed a Walter Damrosch or an Ernest Schelling to pull it into some sort of musical hegemony. There was not any too much life even in the Young Pioneers. Incidentally, the Junior Naval Reservists who marched with the V.F.W. earlier in the day, had arrived at Madison Square equipped with rifles and had to be disarmed.

Peace, if not pacifism, was very much in the air. The police did a much too good job to suit the Communists. They seemed to have an unerring eye for the distinction between a real Communist and a mere holiday maker. The former they allowed to swarm into the northern plaza of the square, as carefully selected as if they had been hand-picked long in advance, and then the blue cordon shut down. There was a line of demarcation between those of the demonstration and the many thousands of the audience, as sharply defined as a castle moat. To say that the Communist *and* their friends gathered in Union Square is to say that which was not true.

Now this sharp line of demarcation worked a real hardship on the agitators. They had hoped, so some of them told me, to stir up, not a riot, but a great surge of protest against the hapless condition of William Z. Foster and others of their leaders now languishing in "capitalistic dungeons." But their speakers could not reach the great mobs of the side streets. There was a breakdown of the loud-speaker system, so that outside their own immediate gathering the ex-

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horters were practically voiceless. However, it was not a hungry crowd anyway, and although there were men in it to whom the immediate future looked black enough in all conscience, the idea of violence was far from their thoughts.

Milling about myself for an hour or two, I leaned against a railing and talked with an old time East-side New Yorker, who passed the time of day, spoke of the heat, and indeed of everything save the matter in hand. "Sheep," he said, waving his hand toward the mob in the street, "New York sheep. There isn't a man in the lot with guts enough to shellack a cop. Time was in the good old days of the lumber yards and the slaughter houses when many a cop got his shellacking, and no hard feelings either. Times have changed. It was all in fun then. I've a lad on the cops myself now, and another going to Delehanty's school. Proud divils they are now, all harnessed up and the like." And the men with the red flags in the square? "Ah, a lot of furriners," quoth he, and spat in disgust. And there you have it.

There were plenty of "furriners" in the side streets. Swarthy men, blond men of the North, South Americans, Poles, Lithuanians, thousands of "Eyetalians" of course, a few unmistakable "Rooshians," as well as strange mixtures and crosses, mongrel products of an East Side that is losing some of its race lines on the fringes. But there was no fight in any of them. On the day it is doubtful if they could have been stirred to action for any cause in the world. They had a holiday, a rare enough experience save when they had enforced holidays, and they were in no mood for ructions, for excursions and alarums. Even had the Reds attempted a march to City Hall or elsewhere I doubt if they could have added a single recruit to their column, and besides, the absence of the leadership of violence was very noticeable in their own closed ranks. I doubt if there is a man of them left with any stomach for three years behind the bars or even the prospect of it.

So Commissioner Whalen, proud and arrogant as usual, but unmistakably more popular with the average New York crowd than he was, ruled the day in Union Square. He had established the fact that any bewailer of the state of things as they are can bewail to his heart's content and in force in Union Square; equally any upholder of anything under the flag and the sun can uphold to his heart's content and in force—all without molesting or molestation. The City Hall is something else again, being reserved for the greeters.

But the Commissioner did not hesitate to pay his respects to Rutgers Square. He made a flying trip down there while the Communists were arranging their marching columns, and all that Rutgers Square said to him was "Boo!" whch, as anyone will admit, is hardly a fighting word. Let us take a look at Rutgers Square about this time. Certainly the circulars the populace found in the letter boxes of their flats on the morning of May 1 were sufficiently incendiary to promise action of some sort. Here is one of them:

Strike May 1
For the Seven Hour Day—Five Day Week!
For Work or Unemployed Insurance!
Against Imperialist War!
For Defense of the Soviet Union!
For Immediate Liberation of the Delegation of Unemployed!
For Equal Pay for Equal Work for Women, Negro, Young Workers!

Well, to begin with, it is perhaps needless to say that the strike did not materialize. It is true that the workers laid down their tools for the day as so many of them have always done, but they did not fling them away. The line about the Negroes was calculated to bring down a great delegation from Harlem. It did not materialize. Nor was there any race riot in Harlem itself as had been hoped.

In Rutgers Square, with its gathering of around fifteen thousand, there was an unmistakable apathy. Outside the counted noses of the Reds themselves, there were few in the crowd who had the stomach for a two-mile march on a broiling hot day all the way up to Union Square The crowds had been gathering steadily throughout the morning. There was not anything to speak of in the way of a song of hate when Commissioner Whalen and Chief Inspector John O'Brien turned up. "Boo!" said Rutgers Square, and that was all. "To Hell with Whalen!" occasionally supplemented the "Boo!" but it was evident in most cases that this was merely personal inspiration.

The Communists' Central Committee, having been decapitated, so to speak, only C. A. Hathaway, Herbert Benjamin, and Guy Schmidt were left to handle the demonstration. They, having no heart for walking, were glad to accept a ride in Whalen's boo-wagon, which to many seemed a somewhat traitorous proceeding. However, even a highly capitalistic conveyance, under the direction of the head of the "cossacks," was better than no transportation at all.

Now any such demonstration as this has its aftermath. And that aftermath, whether a certain group of the public and of officialdom likes it or not, was to be found in the thousands of speakeasies of the city, where the beer flowed as it always flows on a holiday, but not perhaps as copiously as it would have flowed in better times. And here were to be found the real unemployed, plus, of course, the employed. Perhaps if the Communists had been able to broach a few kegs they could have put on a better show. The cold truth of the matter is that the proprietor of the speakeasy, the better-class speakeasy—oh yes, there are better-class speakeasies—is much more popular today than any Communist can hope to be. This goes for New York, anyway. For these better-class speakeasies are "carrying" many a man out of a job, giving him his glass of beer, and now and then lending him a little money.

In the far-distant future this May Day will be remembered, I think, mainly because it was very hot, and there was a great thunderstorm in the late afternoon.

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LETTERS FROM OXFORD, II*

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

ABILITY to distil romance from the commonplace incidents of everyday life is, perhaps, the secret of the letter-writer's art. In the epistles which follow there is little enough business of major importance, even though the suggestion that Boston might purchase a sizable collection of old bookish trifles must have seemed momentous to one so definitively a born collector as Miss Guiney. The emphasis is upon the needlework of existence. Who else would have thought of likening a MacLaren's Imperial Cheese jar to a flower revered by the poet Herbert, or of going into ecstasies over the prospect of digging into the works of Alabaster, the Elizabethan? And if some of the fun does conceal a heavy heart, or at least a hard-worked one, it is none the less genuine and estimable.

That money and its uses should occupy so much space in the poet's outlook is normal possibly, but regrettable enough for all that. Louise Imogen Guiney could have enjoyed spending so very much! From every pittance she extracts such a quantity of real joy that one's heart aches a little over the limitations. But these letters speak for themselves—speak indeed, in such terms as must warm the heart of a newer world with glimpses of an older one. Their author once declared that "Stress must be laid upon heroes; they are the universal premise." That is possibly a special demand, not universally popular. Yet it can be repeated without, so far as one sees, doing harm to anyone.

August 10, 1902.

Esteemed wench:—Thanks for your sagacity in eliminating the New York Herald, and sending me the heart of the matter. I hope the plucky little soul may have struck gold in her sudden and unforeseen man. (One dares not breathe these fearful hopes in our demented letters of congratulation.) How long have I not been your debtor? All sorts of things have happened, pleasant, middling and cursed: at the end of them, I emulate you, and move into a nouse (*anglicé*) as its proud lessee. We had half a one before. This is off the Woodstock Road, and has a big garden, and six most convenient and well-closeted rooms: twenty-two pounds per annum, mark! We pay quarterly, and are free to quit, any time, at a month's notice. It is like camping out, so far, as we have next to nothing to put in, and must go slowly in that charmed particular.

So long as meine Mutter clings to Auburndale, you are safe from applications for the custody of Johnny Keats and a beer-mug. Instead, I have here a ring-dove, given by our late landlord. She is a sweet baggage, excessively familiar in manner, who is at this writing perking her dainty head in the immediate juxtaposition of my ink pot. Do you know the small crockery jars which MacLaren's Imperial Cheese comes in? They serve a double purpose, and are like Herbert's flower in the old lyric,

> "Fit while it lived, for smell or ornament,
> And after death, for cures."

My expansive soul has at last found the ideal ink pot, once a minister to other appetites as base.

Methinks this fivepence muslin thing was made to go with vos beaux yeux. Pray give me your news, in charity, and commend me to three, nay, four, in the catalogue room. Guess the inclusions. My toes freeze as I write; envy me.

Yours to love 'ee, L. I. G.

August 20, 1902.

Dearest ———, Tis a divil I am to ask it, but will you get somebody to copy for me, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," by, I think, a General Lyons, killed in our Civil War, who wrote, I believe, no other poetry? I have a sort of remembrance of it as figuring in a schoolbook my father had when a boy, called Sargent's Standard Speaker: Epes Sargent is the gent. (Neat pun, hey?) Ten to one it is also in the collection called Single Famous, or Famous Single Poems. The Bod. has neither book! The pome is about our long-nosed friend, Cleopatra, and a nice youth here wishes to try his hand at turning it into Latin elegiacs. And therefore I want it lickety-split. Yours in all elegance, and with much love, L. I. G.

February 3, 1903.

My very dear ———, I seem to have fallen silent a long, long while ago; and the kindness which never waits for answered letters is not lost on me. It is now half a year after, and I have not thanked you for your goodness in copying that Cleopatra poem for me; but I do so now, toto corde. You will forgive me, in view of all the trouble I have been through. As you have heard, my darling Aunt Betty, my oldest friend, is dead. I lost her three days after Christmas. . . . We laid her to rest in Wolvercote, just over the river from Godstow. Like me, she always wished to be buried where she died, and not to be carried home.

My one comfort is to look back on our secluded days here in Oxford, and to know that she was really happier so, shut in with me, than she had been for a great many years. I was the only living person she cared greatly for; and I did both understand and love her. How to get on without that selfless spirit always near, I do not know. But I pull together as I can; I wear no black, and I have already given my whole mind again to work, though with feeble results. My mother, I am thankful to say, keeps very well. But housekeeping bores her, a good servant is not to be had, especially in term-time, and she sees nothing of all the things which are fair to see; all of which is worrying. I pray that it may be changed soon. . . .

My affectionate remembrances to Brother Hunt, and tell him this for me: that at the time of the Tercentenary, Bodley's librarian (Nicholson) told me there were thousands and thousands of duplicates lying here uncatalogued and unhandled, for lack of money and of men. The Bodleian is rich in early Americana (the Mather collection, for example, is unique) but has next to no American modern books of secondary importance. Would it not be a glorious good thing if you could ever effect

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* *The first instalment of this selection from the hitherto unpublished letters of Miss Guiney, edited by* KATHERINE MAYNARD, *appeared in The Commonweal last week.*

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any sort of exchange? I believe someone, Mr. Barnard or another, would foot expenses, if some two persons could but come over from our B. P. L., stay in Oxford two or three months, and make the inestimable exchange of books! We should be the gainers, I can but think. . . .

I have a few small treasures of my own, which I am sometime going to send over, by any eligible emigrant, to B. P. L. I have given the Vaughan Thalia, 1678, to Bodley. It is a very grand sort of business to elect heirs, as if one's donations really could matter!

You were a blessed lass to buy me Christmas finery, though I am persuaded thereby that you will never wax wealthy, any more than will your unprotesting beneficiary. The best way to export it would be to bring it. And, for that matter, you might bring along the few pictures, etc., too: all but J. Keats, who, besides being "of a size," looks by far too indigenous to his pleasant corner in the pleasantest of little houses, to be disturbed until the Greek Kalends. (We might turn him over, in forty years or so, to B. P. L., with his former literary history appended!) . . .

If you like good verses, look up Mr. George Santayana's Hermit of Carmel, a new book. I learned to admire him back in the eighties when I used to read the Harvard Monthly; and then poor dear Lionel Johnson was always full of his friend's praises. G. S., like L. J., is what they call "cold." But the tenderest marble will always be cold to the man in the street. I love built things, even (this is treason, I know!) built poetry —sometimes.

I hope you have shaken off the mis'able colds, and do not starve for air. I have never smelled a smell in a theatre, a church (!) nor a library (save in the gross, democratic B.M.*) since I left my native shore. Live well . . . and goodnight, this third of February, 1903.

L. I. G.

March 23, 1903.

My very dear Sir:—[or Sis?] Your letter was almost equal to one of our old walks in the rain, across the garden, with vocal accompaniment; and it "done me good." As to the chief topic, I am sorry indeed to report that it is Bodley's librarian who balks. (You know Nicholson is not considered the most amenable person alive!) He says he can't think of selling or making exchanges, and that he didn't mean to complain of his duplicates, in the sense that he wants to get rid of them, as the vast majority of them belong to donation or deposit collections, and cannot be alienated. So the too sanguine construction was mea culpa. And as, thus unfeelingly, our device for getting a competent person (i.e., you) over here has been knocked upon the head, the powers may consequently look with a sceptical eye upon another well-intentioned remark which I will make at once. This, at least, is hall-marked.

There is a nice antiquary here whose name is Taphouse, at 3 Magdalen Street. He is a music-dealer by trade, and a great collector by genius. I never saw anywhere such a fine choice lot of rare old English sixteenth- and seventeenth-century song-books; he has an exquisite little library of them, and a dozen or so of extremely beautiful old musical instruments: virginals, a recorder, etc., among them. He says his family will be sure to sell them when he is gone, and he wants to keep them, if he can, undivided, by selling them himself. He is in no rush, and he is not mercenary. But he asked if the Boston Library, or rather, Mr. Brown, would care to make any inquiries after his treasures? Will Brother Hunt ask him? I offered to transmit this, a genuine communication. May it make some sort of amends for the oblique other.

I wonder if you have read any of Professor Walter Raleigh's books? I find them superdelightful: I have just bought the Milton, and finished the new Wordsworth. And "style" is certainly a joy. Whereas I have been without any idol since Stevenson died, or rather, since he ceased to write essays; here is a Scot of another, but not so very different complexion, to make the weary days bright. What Mr. Dooley nobly names as "litthrachoor" is green and growing, after all, if one only has eyes and feelers for it. I feel pretty sure you will take to this second bearer of an approved name. See if you don't.

The Mother and I are going off to Bath and Bristol and the Somerset coast for some eighteen days. She has had the "flu" as they frivolously call it here, though not severely, I am happy to add; and I am generally out of gear. I don't like to quit the forge, though I dawdle and make no iron. But her doctor orders the outing; so off we go, on Saturday next. We hope to beg, borrow or steal, a pony and a trap, and drive for a week. I don't know the Mendip Hills, though I was once at Wells. I hope for a few "wild and noble sights" to repay one for quitting the Bodleian. But as dear Bruce Porter said, with a critical sigh: "English landscape is so damned tidy." . . .

Ever yours, L. I. G.

May 17, 1903.

My very dear ———, The comely Mrs. C. ——— . . . duly delivered your beeyutiful gift, for which I am your bounden debtor forever. You are too good to me, and you have, for the first time in your life, missed the point; for it is your own "trim figger" which could most gracefully wear that lovely bit of color. Well, I shall aspire to it, too, chiefly to please you, if I can but get up the courage. But I am fatter than snails, and disintegrate as I spread.

As to work, it has been simply at a prolonged standstill. To putter and fuss and whine, and absolutely no inch gained: that's my useful European existence. The fact is, I am not very well, and have lost my leverage. The Mam is under the weather just now, if I may, with all significance, employ that unphilosophic phrase. Never have I known such weather, though last May was quite phenomenal for misbehavior. Seven unbroken weeks of excessive rain and bitter cold, after the enchanting first pageant of spring! The thermometer today is at 48°. I suppose it is well to reflect that it is probably 88° in Copley Square, and that, after all, there are month-old yellow roses over every doorway.

It was certainly a great sight to see Oxford and the environs under three feet of water. I started one day last week to take Mrs. C.——— to Iffley. The tow-path, except just below Folly Bridge, was flooded the whole way. As the crews were all out in the driving rain, practising for Eights Week, the coaches were out too; and it was curious to see the procession of boats, each with its overlords, turn in sight of Iffley Mill in a world all ocean, and race back to Oxford. There was no tow-path; how they ever dared pretend there was one hidden below, I know not, in that Noah's deluge; but the head coach, in every case, rode his horse along it, up to the stirrups in H_2O, at a first-rate splashing pace, and the assistant, in bathing tights arrayed, half-ran, half-swam, in his wake. The spectacle greatly took our friend. . . . She picked up for chief honors one blonde god as the perfect Saxon; and (this is the goak) he turned out to be the son of a doctor in Buffalo, New

* *British Museum.*

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York, now a distinguished ornament, with his brother, of Lincoln College! She tried, and I with her, to hear a nightingale; but too much wet ailed their theorbos.

Is there no conspiracy afoot between you and Babbie Brown to visit these diggings? (Her last book is a sound apple, don't 'ee think?) My Reverend Van Allen, of the Advent, seems the only American meteor pointing this way, so far. I am so glad of people to play with, now my head is on a strike. And, as you know, there are people and people: I don't always inherit a day with the latter sort.

I wish you would tell me whether B. P. L. got a copy of the Bodleian Tercentary Book, for if not, I will turn over mine to that worthy institution. Commend me to dear Hunt (rex musilegorum) and to all cats. This is a fritillary, the last in all the land. Fare you ever so well.

Your uninterruptedly, L. I. G.

April 16, 1904.

My dear ———, Nothing to beat you for an obstinate, tongue-tied hussy—except me. How are ye? Why aren't ye under the lilac bushes here with me, or sopping along in a canoe by Bablockhithe? (Admire the metaphorical wing of an aging fatty who does nothing, week in and week out, but grind and slog and peg here or at the Bod.: "both hat ome and forring," as Jeames says!) It is April; it is always April in the isle of no ideas; whereas you luckless oafs are hurled from an icicle to a mosquito, and back again. No'm: I'm not coming home at present. I can only hope that there is no commandment against coveting another man's climate.

We are both very well. I am pious and parochial in these supergenteel Catholic latitudes, and put in a deal of work, all lent, reorganizing their bloomin' Jesuit library! Printed the manuscript catalogue, too, of 1,500 cards, with one lassie of seventeen to help. I don't get much play time, but I hope to reform that when Ralph Cram comes, he and hisn, to abide through May and June in a country rectory close by, where they are sure of sleep, and of rhubarb tart every day, and of Yessir and Thankeemim, and Quiteso, and Fan-cy!

What said my Mam to make you think I didn't vehemently like (as I do) that silk of rose and azure, like an early evening aurora? Put it down in your chivalrous head that I love it only second to you, and that adipose deposit alone has prevented my adorning myself with what our scraggy Somerset housekeeper called "so pretty a body's as he'd be," up to date. Do tell me how you do, what you do, and how your ordered days run on. I am as quietly disrespectable as ever, and make next to no money, and spend it while it is hot! The most blissful circumstances of my present lot is that only two persons in all Oxford know I have ever loved a dog, or written a pome. . . .

I would thank you to tell our ex-chief that I have his February letter, and also this: that a glance at Col. Chester London Marriage Licenses (Foster) will show that Dryden the poet signed his name "John Driden" to his own license in 1663. I forgot to speak of this months ago, when I saw the spelling "Driden" queried in one of the library reports, in reference to some signature, probably genuine and unnecessarily questioned.

I have a perfectly fresh Elizabethan to edit some day: a sonneteer of almost the very first water, one Alabaster, known hitherto only as a Latinist: a nice, queer, lovable old magian he is. I won't prate about all my delayed opscula, because I am taking everything up after a deadlock of over three years, and you shall yet see. Now do talk. I am all ears. "Sei gegrüsst, du lieber Schwann."

Yours affectionately, L. I. G.

February 2, 1905.

Dearest ———, What will you think of me for a graceless pig? Ages ago I got your post-card from Bourges, and then no news at all, though I thought of you every day for weeks and weeks, and would have given anything to know where you were, and how it fared with those brown eyes which were dead fagged and never showed it. Lastly, your Christmas letter came; and if I danced over it, the enchanting Brussels lace collar (which I sport with pride and joy on deserving occasions) wasn't the primary cause. No, ma'am; it was that one heart-delighting word that the operation was successful. I could have punched you for joy. No matter about

"the weariness, the fever and the fret"

of nerves, accursed things, if the ultimate end be secured. That will wear off; I only wish you were here to have it wear off quicker . . . You know my Mother fled away in November, and is with my cousin—the one you saw—in Maine, where it is 42° below zero, and a bookless, playless, jokeless wilderness. She seems to live indoors, and to prefer Sheol to Oxford. She will return to Boston, I think, in March.

I keep driving busy at a dozen things, with not much to show for it, and have lately registered a vow to play on Saturdays. We are much encouraged in that resolution by two dear Harvard fellows who are here reading at Bod., and with the long familiar M.A. and Ph.D. we go on enchanting short "Dutch" excursions in this beautiful open weather (buds have begun, also linnets) and leap stiles and run down hills comme à douze ans. I keep monotonously well, and am no sylph. When are you and W. Pater his effigies, etc., coming? Mention of Pater brings me to say all over again how enormously I admire Mr. Greenslet's book, don't you? Tone, style, sympathy, synthesis, are perfect.

Let me have your latest news. Love to the elect. A thousand thanks for your gift and endless good wishes. . . . Felicita!

Yours ever, L. I. G.

July 18, 1905.

My dear ———, The Jordanidae have come and gone, and all the little picters are grinning on the wall, until the sad hour of migration next month, when I must pack up and flee to 6 Winchester Road. (My housemate is restless for her own belongings, and is going to New York to fetch them over, and for her comfort has taken a wholly unfurnished domicile here, wherein to strew them unimpeded. The garden of it can't hold a candle to the garden here, nor is the outlook as good—nor nothink! But I have sworn never to row about incidentals. "Tout passe fors aymer Dieu.")

My best thanks for all your kindness expressed and contemplated. No haste about those two objects of virtue.

I missed it in not setting out for Yorkshire with Mary and Alice. I wanted to go, bad. There's never any reason but one for my sticking so obstinately to whatever hole I happen to be in, and that reason is not unconnected with la haute finance. When I wear clo' no more, nor pockets in clo', I mean to grow at least six wings, and shoot and dart and explore and travel like the divil! For ever and ever more, amen. . . .

It has been unconscionably and most un-Britishly hot here; but reform is in the air at last. I seem to get less and less poetical, and more and more papistical, in these parts! Save you, my philosopher; and let me know whenever I can serve you in great or in small.

Affectionately, L. I. Guiney.

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CARTHAGE TODAY

By HENRY MARCOMBES

MOST of the pilgrims to the Eucharistic Congress are staying in Tunis, ten miles from Carthage. Tunis is now a city of 186,000 inhabitants. Carthage, which, in the days when it ruled the Mediterranean had a population estimated as high as 1,000,000, is now a pretty little town of less than two hundred houses and many Roman ruins. It is visited by many tourists and has been gaining favor as a winter resort, but there are at present only three good hotels, and they are small.

Ceremonies in Carthage are being held in the Cathédrale de Saint Louis, one of the most famous churches in Africa, and which surmounts the hill on which the modern town of Carthage is built. From this hill one may obtain a superb view of the surrounding country, dotted with ruins. The main street lined with palms leads down to a sea so blue it seems it would color one to touch, the same sea which the Carthaginian galleys dominated for centuries before they were conquered by the Romans, after three of the bloodiest wars which ever darkened the pages of history.

The ruins which one sees today are nearly all Roman. Virtually nothing remains of the original Carthage, founded about 814 B. C. In the peaceful, palm-shaded town which one sees today, close to half a million persons were massacred in the six days of street slaughter which marked the final triumph of Rome. The conquerors then destroyed the city, ploughed it, and sowed salt on the ground "that nothing may grow." Of the population of 500,000 persons who endured the final siege in 147 B. C., less than fifty thousand lived to be sold into slavery.

This did not mark the end of Carthage or its history; a new city rose there in the reign of Julius Caesar, and it was the capital of the Roman province. It is the ruins of this Roman city which litter the countryside today. It was at Carthage that Tertullian lived, that Saint Perpetue and his companions, Christian pioneers, were delivered to the lions in the amphitheatre in A. D. 203, and Saint Cyprien died for the faith in 258. In this amphitheatre, the ruins of which may still be seen, thousands of the early Christians were killed. It will be the scene of an important ceremony on the second day of the coming Congress.

Carthage was captured by the Vandals in 439 and became the capital of Genseric. In 533, Belisarius occupied it in the name of Justinian of the eastern Roman empire. At the end of the seventh century came the Turk, and the Roman city was destroyed. It was never rebuilt. The ground on which the little town which bears the name of Carthage stands today is probably more deeply soaked with human blood than any other ground in the world.

The population today is chiefly Arab, men and women who dress in long flowing white robes, the women's faces veiled. In preparation for the Congress, shops are already being improvised at vantage points near ruins and along the main street, loaded with rugs and bronzes and woodwork which are the glory of the Arab craftsman. I entered one of these beside the ruins of the Basilica Majorum, where the Saints Perpetue and Felicite preached before their martyrdom. An Arab who might have been a European except for his red fez, saw me admiring a beautiful rug which was marked 150 francs ($6.00) and looked to me like a bargain.

"That is the American price," he immediately told me in perfect French. "So many of them will be here for the Congress. The price of that rug is 80 francs."

Americans must understand the Arab mentality before they attempt to do business with them. Here are the mental processes of the Moslem rug merchant when an American enters his shop, in the words of the proprietor of one of the few "fixed-price" shops in Tunis:

"To the Arab, the American is more than merely a customer; he is destiny; he is the genie of Aladdin; he is the gift of Allah. Up goes the price of the rug to the highest point in the Arab's imagination. Down goes the quality of the goods to the lowest value to be found in the shop. As the American haggles, it is the voice of destiny speaking. At last the tourist leaves the shop in a huff. Mektoub. Allah wills it. There will come another day."

American pilgrims in Carthage are safely advised to begin bargaining at one-third of the original price asked, even if it is marked.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE PALESTINE REPORT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I note with surprise the article of Vincent Sheean on The Palestine report, featured in your issue of April 30.

While the views expressed by Mr. Sheean will occasion no surprise to those who know Mr. Sheean's sudden volte face after differences with the Zionist Organization of America, over a proposed lecture tour, it is difficult to reconcile their publication in a responsible organ of public opinion such as your own.

It is not my intention at this time to examine the findings of the Commission's report which have been scored as a weak document and unfair to the true situation in Palestine, by such representative personalities as Lord Cecil, Viscount Chelwood, Lloyd George, H. N. Brailsford, Lieut. J. M. Kenworthy, M. P., and Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, M. P., and such outstanding organs of public opinion as the London Times, Manchester Guardian, New Leader, the Statesmen, Spectator, among others.

It seems highly regrettable that prejudice and innuendo should be represented as fact by one who in the face of actual conditions is determined to give a clean bill of health to everyone except the Zionists. The intemperateness of Mr. Sheean's language as regards the Zionists recalls very vividly his testimony before the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry in the course of which he declared: "I am a non-Zionist. My sympathies with Zionism are non-existent," and that he resigned his position with the North American Newspaper Alliance during the Palestine riots "because I thought my newspapers would be hurt by printing my despatches."

It is not necessary for Mr. Sheean to be sympathetic to Zionism in order to render an impartial appraisal of the report. But it is highly important that he should not invalidate his own case by conveying the impression that he is an agent of the grand mufti.

The burden of Mr. Sheean's story is that the Zionist results in Palestine are ignoble; that the Palestine administration and the grand mufti had not the gift of clairvoyance; that the land question is the root of the entire matter; that Britain has consistently betrayed the Arabs in order to benefit the Jews. All this he rounds out with the contradictory statement that the same Britain which, one paragraph above had betrayed the Arabs, at the instigation of the Jews, is not a slave, and

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will not be led by Jewish influence, to witness the Inquiry Commission's report.

For all this he adduces not one iota of proof. Without entering into an apology for the Zionist movement, the inconvertible facts are that in the twelve years of the Zionist experiment Palestine has made such progress economically and culturally as it has not made in twelve centuries, and that this is due to the efforts of the Jews who received virtually no help from the government; that the Arabs have benefited from this rehabilitation of the country; that one-half of the revenue of Palestine is supplied by the Jews who are one-fifth of the population; that in a land populated by some seven hundred thousand Arabs, only 2,000 land transfers have taken place, for which the Arabs were paid highly inflated prices.

Mr. Sheean's memory is curiously short lived if he cannot recall the testimony offered to the Commission on November 16, by H. C. Luke, chief secretary of the Palestine government, that from August 17 to August 23 he was seeing members of the Zionist executive and the Arab executive in an effort to relieve the tension; that the government knew of the Arab propaganda accusing the Jews of designs upon the Arab holy sites, without taking any steps to nail the lie.

The grand mufti, like Mr. Sheean, afflicted with poor memory, did possess, however, the gift of clairvoyance, it seems. Has Mr. Sheean forgotten that his eminence Hmin El Husseini attempted to leave the country, just before the riots occurred, but was prevented when the French government refused him a visa to Syria. When one recalls that this is the same grand mufti who was arrested for complicity in the riots of 1921, jumped his bail and fled the country in order to escape serving sentence this latter-day attempt carries a suspicious import, to put it mildly.

May I quote the view of H. N. Brailsford, writing in the New Leader of April 4, on the Inquiry Commission's report. Mr. Brailsford, a distinguished Socialist and member of the Labor party, would have every reason not to desire to embarrass the present government, and yet he writes:

"The report on the responsibilities for the recent massacre will not help our good name. It is a weak document, from which one gathers that on the whole no one was really to blame —or no one of any social position. That is a highly respectable conclusion, worthy of these public schoolmen. The loyalties have been observed: when other public schoolmen are 'in a tight place' it is not good form to 'let them down.' These commissioners have even extended the mantle of their charity to the Arab leaders, dignified persons of old family.

"And yet a ghastly massacre did occur: Jerusalem was in the hands of the mob for several days, and in the outlying country Jews were slaughtered by the hundred, and their farms destroyed. Who then was to blame? The rabble, no doubt, and a few newspapermen. The Intelligence Service, we are told, was incompetent; and the native police went over to the mob.

"Even on that showing one would have thought that some blame belonged to Mr. Luke and the higher British Officials. This was not the first massacre that has occurred under the British flag in Palestine. Ought they not have foreseen what would happen when the Arab press became rabid? Are they not responsible for maintaining an efficient intelligence service, and a police which will do its duty? This is not the kind of report which will promote a higher level of capacity among British officials abroad, nor will it raise our reputation, that we should take so lightly a pitiful and tragic failure on the part of a British administration."

BERNARD G. RICHARDS.

MR. MARSHALL REPLIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., in his letter in your issue of April 16, states as follows:

"Mr. Marshall finds a connection between the Puritanical features of the Act of 1649 and the two long-preceding facts: (A) that Cecilius's father had returned to the religion of his ancestors; and (B) that his father had obtained the charter from a Protestant king. The connection does not seem clear, unless on some a priori assumption that being a Catholic Calvert, father or son, must necessarily have been intolerant, with which assumption we are not here concerned.

Father LaFarge cannot justly impute to me an a priori assumption that, being Catholic, the Calverts must necessarily have been intolerant.

I have always expressed the view that intolerance as a divine right was asserted universally by the one Church which embraced all believers down to the Reformation, and that the principle of intolerance has characterized Anglicanism, Lutheranism, Calvinism and Catholicism.

The matters (A) and (B) referred to by Father LaFarge were pointed out by me not as reflecting on Calvert as a Catholic but as disclosing in him and in his enterprise both a Catholic and a Protestant complex which clearly explained the Act Concerning Religion which imposed death and confiscation on all who were not Trinitarians.

By far the greater number of the Calvert settlers were Anglicans and Protestants. Calvert himself was a Catholic. The Act Concerning Religion was enacted in 1649 by the unanimous vote of a council and legislature largely Protestant. It was approved by the local governor, who was a Protestant, and confirmed by Calvert in England. By 1680 the Protestant majority had very largely increased. It took advantage of its power to place upon the statute book an act of intolerance as gross as the Act of 1649, but it outlawed Catholics and Anglicans instead of Unitarians, Jews, Quakers and unbelievers. The principle of each act was the same.

Protestants will claim, I presume, that all of religious tolerance that happened in Maryland was the result of an overwhelming Protestant majority; Roman Catholics, that it was the result of Calvert's Catholicism. Both claims belong, in my opinion, to the fiction of history. Such religious toleration as there was in Maryland, and the condition of religious liberty ultimately established in her constitutional order, was owing, I think, to the familiar consideration that because of the great variety of religious conviction and thought within her borders the application of the principle of the extermination of heretics by Protestantism or Catholicism could be prevented only by establishing religious liberty for all.

What I say here will reply sufficiently to the remarks concerning myself with which you honored me in your editorial of April 23.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

Mr. Marshall seems partly right and partly wrong in the contentions he advances. To argue that because toleration in 1649 was not the same as toleration in 1930 it is intolerance appears to be a claim much like the following: since anesthetics in 1830 were not the same as anaesthetics in 1930, they were really eye-openers. The fact in the case is that the Maryland colonists (not merely in the Act of 1649 but in all their official declarations up to the time that an immigrant Puritan minority assumed control of the government) established a measure of

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toleration on the basis of religion unparalleled in American or even European history. This measure was not complete in theory—and could not be, since the open profession of atheism must seem as treasonable in a Christian society as the profession of religious belief now seems in atheistic Russia—but it was certainly complete in fact, *so far as Quakers, Jews and Unitarians were concerned. The deduction in the case is not that* a conception *of religious toleration was first put into effect by the Maryland colonists, but rather that these were the first to practise an attitude toward members of other faiths such as now prevails in the United States. Despite his profession to the contrary, Mr. Marshall does not appeal at all to history but to legal abstractions which, so far as we can see, have never been actual in history. With these remarks, we think that the discussion must be considered definitely and permanently closed. —The Editors.*

AMERICA'S OLDEST BOOK

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As the editor of the publications of the United States Historical Society allow me to express our appreciation of the generous notice given the latest volume of our Records and Studies, in The Commonweal of April 23, and the paper it carries, by the Reverend M. Cuevas, S.J., on a pre-Columbian codex recently added to the collection in the Museum of the American Indian in this city.

You may have noticed that Father Cuevas suggested that, as the Codex had not yet been named, it should be designated as the "Codex Saville," in honor of Mr. Marshall H. Saville, in recognition of his services for the preservation of the ancient history of the Latin-American countries. In regard to this Mr. Saville has written to me that in the collection of the Heye Foundation, which includes the Codex, it now bears this label: "Codex Tetlapalco on native paper. Probably a genealogical record of caciques or priests, from post-Spanish times about the year 1530." (He adds that the Codex was a gift to the Museum from the wife of Mr. George G. Heye, its chairman and director.)

Having seen Mr. Saville's letter Father Cuevas also writes me that he accepts the statements it makes as to the donor and the label with these objections:

"(1) It is not a genealogical record; (2) it does not refer to caciques or priests; (3) most of it is not of post-Spanish times; (4) it is not about 1530 but from 1442 to 1536; (5) at any rate it is not Tetlapalco but Tetlapulco."

All of which, coming from so distinguished a historical authority as Father Cuevas, will, I am sure, be of special interest to students of our American antiquities, and to all your readers to whose attention you have called the discovery of this oldest Mexican historical Codex.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

THE ROADMENDER

Claremont, N. H.

TO the Editor:—It may interest your reviewer of The Roadmender, by Michael Fairless, to know that this was merely the nom-de-plume of a young English girl, who was a High Anglican.

She died many years ago, and dictated the final chapters of the book from a bed of suffering, shortly before her death. The "white gate" to which she referred, was to her the gate of death.

MARY F. B. JUDKINS.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Miss Le Gallienne's Juliet

THE Civic Repertory Theatre has done much fine work during the last three seasons. It has brought classics to life. It has introduced the charm of modern Spanish writers to New York. It has shown both courage and discrimination. It has literally created an audience to its own temper and taste. But none of its achievements ranks higher than the beauty, color and human richness with which it has endowed Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. This is a performance which casts the true spell of the theatre, bringing out values of speech and action which are too easily lost in Shakespearean revivals, and suffusing the whole with the rare glamour of vibrant illusion.

Shakespeare wrote for the people—not for scholars. He wrote in the idiom of his time, and with the stage management of his time in mind. Assuming that today he would still wish to exalt his themes by the use of noble blank verse, he would nevertheless revise many portions of his script, telescope many scenes, omit others entirely, meet the conventions of the modern mind half way through elaborating the motivations of the plot, and insist above all on the actors approaching the play with freshness of attack and the conviction that they were relating the story of human beings—not merely the story of famous characters of fiction. This is precisely the attitude which Miss Le Gallienne has taken toward Romeo and Juliet, and the result is rather more than astonishing—it is entrancing.

First of all, we have a scenic compromise between modern realism and the symbolic freedom of Elizabethan production. In many of the brief scenes before a simple curtain, the characters enter from the orchestra pit. At other times, the curtain is drawn aside from half of the stage only. The use of rich draperies and a few simple construction sets provides the atmospheric illusion for the main scenes. Freedom and boldness characterize the designs which Mrs. Bernstein has brought to the scenic setting, yet the result is harmonious, rich, and full of the fiery flavor of the Renaissance.

It is safe to say that a hundred small touches are placed with careful intent to use these settings to their full advantage. The stately dance, for example, in the ball room of Capulet's house does more than create a beautiful picture. It provides motion, color and mood for the casual meeting of Romeo and Juliet—the low hum of voices, light laughter, antique music. The audience hardly sees Juliet, although she is there, moving and laughing among the rest. In fact they really see her for the first time through the eyes of Romeo himself, as he singles her out from the crowd. Thus step by step the play is allowed to build itself, to discover its own emphasis, to weave its own romance and tragedy. If this natural entrance of Juliet does violence to the original script by omitting the scene with the nurse, at least it brings the version into line with the modern technique of the theatre. It is at once an example of skilled direction and sympathetic adaptation. Like the settings, it represents intuitive and intelligent compromise.

The net result of this painstaking adaptation of the best in Shakespeare to the best in modern stage feeling is a play that flows forward with powerful and swift currents. It lacks all the stilted quality that comes into most performances of the kind, its characters are human, lovable and informal in the best sense, and from this very simplicity there emerges the enthralling and powerful sense of romantic tragedy. One feels intensely the conflict between the youthful Juliet and her

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stubborn parents, and the overwhelming courage of her love for Romeo. Simple lines take on new and direct meanings. One can—as so rarely in conventional Shakespearean efforts—identify oneself with the characters.

Much of this happy effect is due to that ever-increasing perfection of ensemble which Miss Le Gallienne's company is achieving. They know each other's ways and each other's limitations. The dramatic climaxes are graded to the possibilities of the individual actor or actress. Throughout the whole, one feels the guiding hand of Miss Le Gallienne as director—a hand, incidentally, that has become much firmer and more expert since the earliest trials three years ago.

The final perfection of this production lies in four outstanding performances—Miss Le Gallienne's own Juliet, Donald Cameron's Romeo, Leona Roberts's Nurse and Edward Bromberg's Mercutio. Of the four, perhaps Miss Le Gallienne's work is the most notable because of its complete departure from most of her previous work in manner, diction, emotional force and even in make-up. For some time past, Miss Le Gallienne has made it known in a quiet way that she was conscious of many acting limitations, and would not undertake certain parts until she felt entirely ready for them. This is a resolve which requires much determination for an actor-manager to keep. But the result is little short of triumphant. Miss Le Gallienne emerges as a young, fresh, spontaneous Juliet, quivering with the yearning for love and romance, yet painfully conscious of the adverse forces working about her. She has all the beauty of adolescence and all the courage of awakening womanhood, abounding with life and love of life. Her tragedy is always that of youth, warm, impetuous and, in the end, almost selffless in its tender abandon. To anyone who has seen Miss Le Gallienne's bitter and morose Hedda, then her masculine egotism in The Master Builder, followed by her sprightly impudence in Peter Pan or her flirtatious charm in The Women Have Their Way, this new revelation of her versatility as a warm, tender and tragic Juliet must dispel forever any thought that she is below the first rank of American artists. Name any popular actress you will, and I defy you to select even one who could do so many and such varied parts acceptably, not to say beautifully. After her supremely good work in Liliom, several years ago, Miss Le Gallienne seems to have passed through a stage of coldness and critical introspection, only to emerge once more into the full flame of vital and intense artistry governed by forces that have been molded within. She now stirs emotions without being blatantly emotional. She is, in short, coming into the full maturity of her powers. Above all, as Juliet, she has the art of reading the all-too-familiar lines in a way that makes them fall freshly and spontaneously and gives them new emphasis and color.

Donald Cameron accomplishes the impossible in making Romeo a manly and ardent lover, not without a touch of whimsy in lighter moments. This Romeo is no moonstruck calf, and certainly no antique actor in quest of his youth, but a straightforward and sympathetic young man, honestly tortured by his dilemma and exalted by a thoroughly masculine love. Edward Bromberg is perhaps a trifle more brilliant in his rôle of Mercutio and a bit more resourceful as an actor. But then, Mercutio is one of the most colorful parts in Shakespeare. The greater task is to make Romeo a man—and that Donald Cameron has done to the hilt. Leona Roberts takes every last bit of traditional boredom out of the part of the nurse, and makes her a character of vital import to the play. Sayre Crawley's Friar Lawrence is also a living human being. This entire production is one of the few real delights of the season. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

Modernism In Extremis

WHAT had been heralded as the artistic climax of the New York music season occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House three days after the closing of the operatic year. This was the presentation by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski and assisted by a number of singers and dancers of Arnold Schoenberg's Die Glueckliche Hand and Igor Stravinsky's Le Sacre du Printemps. The occasion was as far as concerned the audience one of exceptional brilliancy, and of course Mr. Stokowski and his orchestra gave a magnificent account of themselves. As for the singers and dancers another story might be told, if it were not for the impossibility of determining how much was their fault and how much the fault of the medium in which they were working.

Le Sacre du Printemps is musically no novelty to America. It has been played often and has always appealed by its power and rhythmic invention. It is the apotheosis of sophisticated man's longing for animalism and as such is a portent of appalling significance. The interest in its present performance lay in the fact that this was the first time it had been given in its complete form, that is, as a ballet. Whether it was the stylized direction of the dancing, the quality of the dancing itself, or the impossibility of any adequate visualization of the music, there were few in the audience who failed to realize that Le Sacre du Printemps is far more effective as pure music than as ballet. Given without visual aid the mind and imagination is stimulated and carried on, if not to the heights, at least to the depths; given as a ballet the attention becomes confused and the full effect is lost. Indeed the galvanic jerkings of the dancers, and especially of the soloist, Miss Martha Graham, verged often on the ridiculous. That the Sacre could be danced to the spirit of the music and escape the police is very much to be doubted. It is a libel on the genius of Greece and Rome to call its spirit pagan; it is quite frankly bestial.

Die Glueckliche Hand was, however, entirely new to a New York audience. It is symbolistic, pessimistic, decadent. Let us add that the symbolism is leaden-footed and muddy, the pessimism, the pessimism of the neurasthenic, and the decadence, the decadence of spiritual impotence. The music is acrid but appallingly barren, the rhythms tortured but utterly unappealing. In short Die Glueckliche Hand is German symbolism at its worst and its most boring. That Mr. Stokowski should have come before the curtain and included it as an evidence of an American movement toward a synthesis of the arts is inexplicable, for it is neither American nor has it anything to do with art. It is simply the dying quiver of Schoenberg's overstretched nerves. It is as pretentious as it is uninspired; it has no vitality, not enough even to long for animalism.

So "the artistic climax" of the music season turned out to be an evening devoted to the delights of the flesh and the disillusions of the nerves, and one of our greatest conductors gave to it his blessing and the service of his splendid orchestra. Such, he intimated, is to be the art of the future, the thing which we must admire and encourage; an art, if it be an art, without fire, without passion, without thought, without beauty; an art abandoned yet without abandon; an art which has no place either for the intellect or the will. And art devoid of intellect or will becomes not art but deliquescence. The modernistic road in music has been long, and it has led us to more than one great talent, but in Die Glueckliche Hand it has ended in an evil-smelling swamp. Truly it is time to return to a sane humanism in more things than literature.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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BOOKS

A Merger of Nations

The United States of Europe, by Paul Hutchinson. New York: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.00.

THIS book deals with a vision of which many statesman and poets have dreamed. The late Austrian minister, Baernreither, frequently spoke of the possibility of a European Zollverein to protect European manufacturers and commerce. He had before his eyes, in comparison, the growing success of the German Zollverein and the loose Customs Union of the Austrian empire. Today Monsieur Briand renews the idea of coöperation in Europe.

Within his book Mr. Hutchinson sets out a series of arguments, in sequence, which are forceful and illuminating. Sometimes he hesitates and betrays a sense of alarm that the United States might not view a United States of Europe with calm dispassionateness. He asks the question: How would America respond? and replies: "The answer would seem to depend largely on the sporting attitude of American industry." This seems a weak position.

Few American industrialists will waste much time today on the conditions which might be created by a European consolidation of tariffs. The general tendency will be to watch the trend of political events in Europe and then employ skilled investigators to analyze any intended changes, should some form of federation become an actual fact.

At the moment Mr. Hutchinson has done good service by elaborating succinctly the ideas underlying some of the suggested plans for closer coöperation. If Russia be included in Europe, and supposing a union were formed, there would be a free trade area of 375,000,000 square miles—containing a population of perhaps four hundred and eighty millions, instead of twenty-seven states with twenty-seven customs systems, and some twenty-five different currencies, while the existing frontiers of some forty-three hundred miles would vanish, leaving only sea frontiers with Russia's Asiatic boundaries.

Some problems would become acute, foremost among them the position of the colonial areas of European powers. Whether Russia and Great Britain would join such a United States of Europe is difficult to say. Some critics, notably Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, look upon Russia and Britain already as world states. Supposing this to be so, there are, none the less, immense difficulties within both empires. It is true that the past half century has witnessed the federation of Australia and South Africa as dominions. But there are in Africa still crown colony areas which would present difficulties; while anyone acquainted with the fiscal controversy begun by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain must realize that a real customs union of the British empire was not as a whole project adequately discussed, because most of the colonies had already committed themselves to a system of protective tariffs as best suited to their needs. It is true that they discussed the question of preferential treatment for the products of Great Britain, but hardly any discussion took place on a deliberate plan that a system of free trade should exist within the empire.

In the Russian empire, the diversity of religious belief and social habits, based on hundreds of years of practice, presents many a problem for solution. The number of Asiatic taboos—in dress, in food, in habits—are so many points of difficulty before which the advocates of any scheme of modern mass production and transportation developments, behind a single economic barrier, might hesitate.

The plan for a European United States raises acutely the rights of colonial areas. Would the products of these colonial areas enjoy free trade once landed within the barriers of the mother country in Europe? Would there be freedom of movement for Asiatic and African races inside the European labor market?

The question of a federated Europe or Zollverein, raised by M. Briand, and so well presented by Mr. Hutchinson, bristles with difficulties, but also points to a possible solution of Europe's economic woes. In business, mergers are the order of the day. Why should not confederation of states lead along a path to greater human contentedness? This book is timely, and its author is to be congratulated for presenting the subject.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

The Philosophy of Jewish History

The Jews in the Christian Era from the First to the Eighteenth Century and Their Contribution to Its Civilization, by Laurie Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

THOUGH the title of this work is somewhat inaptly chosen, it is, nevertheless, a delightful presentation of what may be called a philosophy of Jewish, or rather of Pharisaic, history. As the author views the subject, Judaism in pre-Christian times sought expression in political and nationalistic ambitions. The conquest of Judaea and the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans forced the Jews back on themselves and they withdrew to the shelter of their law code, and "found, as the event showed, compensation and satisfaction and even empire within that fence." Without lowering the barriers of this self-imposed aloofness they managed not only to overspread the sphere of western civilization, but to make for themselves a notably influential place in the great historical movements of 1,800 years. From the wealth of material which Jewish history in the Christian period offers, the author merely selects such episodes and such names as are sufficient to point the contrast he seeks to establish between the aims and ambitions of historic Judaism, and the principles and purposes on which civilization at different periods was seeking to establish itself. Throughout the entire time the Jew was the victim of social and political discrimination, and living, as he did, in an atmosphere of proscription and hostility, he developed or employed the talents which made him an object of solicitude to municipalities and rulers. The persecution endured by the Jews is not the main theme of the book, though enough is said on the subject to show their lot was a hard one. They were the victims of systematic censure and vilification, but the author does not attempt to formulate a plea in their defense. His aim is rather to show that the Jews, while remaining within the circle of Mosaic observance and Pharisaic legalism, could and did retain a power of absorption and adaptation in an alien environment that kept them in the forefront of every movement, political, intellectual and social. The work is a defense and a glorification of Judaism written from the standpoint of one who finds in Palestinian Zionism and the establishment of a national home for the Jews a vindication of the superbia or "stiff-neckedness" that aroused the ire of the Romans but which they were not able to subdue.

A philosophy of Jewish history, in fact any philosophy of history, is valid only in so far as it is consonant with fact. Here the frequent maladjustment of statement and fact impairs the author's general theories and conclusions. A few examples, chosen at random, will suffice to exhibit a tendency that runs

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through the entire book. Rabbi Gamaliel, we are told, finally formulated the Eighteen Blessings (Sh'moneh'essreh) to idealize the Messianic vision of the new Jerusalem which was to arise in Jewish hearts, but the generally accepted opinion is that the Eighteen are "neither the work of one body nor of one age." The assertion that Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, famed for its Messianism, is seamed with Hebrew thought, will not find much favor among the critics. There is even less basis for finding Hebrew influence in the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. Jews were, no doubt, originally an agricultural people, but it is hardly exact to say that their faculty for trade —"an acquired not a native faculty"—was due to circumstances that arose in the sixth century. The Jews had made an important place for themselves in the commercial life of the early empire. The statement that "before the coming of the schoolmen, Scholasticism had existed in embryo among the Arabs and the Jews" is as vague and superficial as the assumptions regarding the rise and spread of Hellenism among the Arabs in the Orient and in Spain. The Jews were deservedly famous for their skill as instrument-makers in the twelfth century, but their credit as "midwives of a new birth of science" is not thereby much enhanced when it is remembered that Gerbert (Sylvester II) was no mean instrument-maker in the tenth. With such richness of resources at his disposal it was not necessary for the author to force his evidence.

The work is literary and apologetic rather than historical, and exaggerations and distortions are, perhaps, to be condoned in a work written under the stress of great emotion in a moment of signal triumph. While the author justly takes pride in Spinoza, Moses, Mendelssohn, and the Rothschilds, it is to be regretted he did not see fit to discuss the lives and influence of some of the more prominent Jews of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Germany's Henry Ford

Walther Rathenau, His Life and Letters, by Count Harry Kessler. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

WALTHER RATHENAU has been called the German Henry Ford. One might as well call him a modern Jew Süss. With Henry Ford he shared the phenomenal capacity for business organization; with Feuchtwanger's Jew Süss the unshakable determination to overcome the handicap of his race in the struggle for social recognition, personal independence and power. But to Rathenau material success and worldly honors were only the means to gain the luxury of intellectual pursuits as the effective armor in life's tournament with the master race.

Soon, however, his intellectual endeavor revealed to him an appalling want of inner peace and self-respect. So it was that on his trip to Greece, on Mount Parnassus, he found his soul, God's gift to all honest seekers after truth and peace. With the finding of his soul came the realization of a mission: to assist the rest of mankind in finding their individual, community and national souls. This mission became his obsession in his prolific literary activity in the course of which he proceeded to offer a progressive scheme for reconstructing the social, economic and political order. How, he asks, can the proletariat find its soul in this age of mechanization? Thus according to Rathenau's scheme mechanization must be so modified that the proletariat will disappear as a class held by insurmountable glass walls in a place of economic slavery. Occupation must be reëstablished on a free and voluntary basis. The worker

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NEXT WEEK

The actions of the two Congresses under Mr. Hoover have emphasized the disunion of representatives who are classed as Republican. In deed, if not in name, the legislative has been divided into three parties and as the rebellion of the "irreconcilables" grows the question of a third party movement becomes more pertinent. Oliver McKee, Jr., in WILL THERE BE A THIRD PARTY? discusses this political question in the light of the most recent happenings in Washington and throughout the nation. . . . George N. Shuster has written THE RESURRECTION OF SALZBURG to call attention to the project, sponsored by the cardinal archbishops of Munich and Vienna, to restore the university of Salzburg to its pristine glory. Americans should be interested in supporting a center of learning which is certain to have tremendous effect in securing intellectual cooperation between Catholics throughout the world. . . . "The trade policy of a political unit comprising one-quarter of the land and people of the globe must mean something to the prosperity, and perhaps to the peace, of the rest of the world." THE BRITISH EMPIRE'S TRADE POLICY by H. Somerville is an exposition of those factors which govern economic rivalries between Britain and other nations and those between England and her own dominions. . . . Claude Bragdon in FROM A HOTEL WINDOW offers a charming essay on New York's roof gardens and parapets, water tanks and chimneypots. Its perspective is that of an observer of life, seeing but unseen. . . . DUST by a Sister of the Visitation conveys some interesting thought on venial sin and the difficulties of eradicating its dirt from the soul.

should give part of his day to serving the machine and part to brain work. All industry and trade is to be organized into functional and industrial unions: the functional unions to concern themselves with the collecting, procuring and distributing of raw materials and orders, and financing; the industrial unions to attend to the manufacturing and the effective and fair allocation of work among the workers. As the premise to such proposals wealth, beyond the minimum of comfort, is to be gradually taxed away by the state. A League of Nations organized on the principle of industrial coöperation is expected to eliminate international competition as the source of war.

Having given German industrialists a taste of what he was capable of doing, during his short tenure of office as the organizer of the department of raw materials in 1915, Rathenau was, much against his and their will, appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1921. He was already well hated as the Jew who preached to the Gentiles self-denial and foreswearing of worldly riches while apparently enjoying and holding on to his own. But Rathenau, the Foreign Minister, originator of the policy of fulfilment which was to deliver German industry into the hands of the enemy, soon fell victim to the bullets of immature nationalist hotheads.

Rathenau's policy of fulfilment was carried to success by Stresemann and an approach to the organization of industry on the Rathenau plan was made in 1919 for the coal and potash industries and more recently in the chemical and electrical industries. The present tendency toward rationalization points to an increased rather than lessened interest in the same direction.

Those who are able to consider Rathenau's work apart from racial and political strife can hardly deny him a place among the great thinkers of his time. Kessler, the straightforward and yet sympathetic biographer, has merited their gratitude by his systematic and lucid presentation, in one volume, of Rathenau's theories gathered by him from the latter's many disconnected monographs and books.

JOHANNES MATTERN.

Kentucky Saga

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MISS ROBERTS'S first novel remains her best. The Time of Man was perhaps the completest instance any of our writers has given us of common and contracted materials transfused with noble feeling and noble vision into something lofty and lyrical and unforgettable. My Heart and My Flesh pushed the subjective method, which in the earlier book was only the triumphant servant of its realism, to the point of uncertainty and confusion. Jingling in the Wind, a little jewel of a fantasy, was too special to be called a novel. And now, The Great Meadow, the amplest of them all in intention, suffers in its human constituent from this very amplitude.

It is the saga of the settlement of Kentucky, and has great figures and great deeds in it, but they are dimmed and flattened, for the most part, like figures in a tapestry. Written, of course, with beautiful distinction, its very writing is subdued. It is as though Miss Roberts felt she must partly depersonalize these people—must draw no more than the uncomplicated outlines of their essential humanity—if she were to compass their gigantic story at all. But a procession of heroic and simplified men and women, fulfilling simply and with inhuman bravery their destiny of conquest, does not offer to her varied instrument a matching variety. Even the fine and tender directness

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by which she can go to the heart of simplicity itself has no such justifying object here as it had in the rich being of Ellen Chesser, "with the honey of life in her heart."

But Miss Roberts's margin is so wide that even when these exceptions are taken, her novel is better than almost any other contemporary novel. Its time is the Revolution, although that remains in the far background. Its essential characters are Diony Hall, who lives with her family in Albemarle, and Berk Jarvis, who returns from exploring the Kentucky canelands to marry her and take her back over Boone's Trace to Harrodstown. The two halves of the book are Diony's girlhood in Virginia, where life is hard enough, but seemly and secure, and her womanhood in the wilderness, where it is strung to terror and tragedy and unthinkable effort. Underneath, the book is one structure, because all of this life is one structure. Miss Roberts makes us believe not only in the unconquerable human will, but in the ineffaceable human pattern as well, repeating forever its variations of order, endurance, gaiety, love. She makes us see that in all circumstances—even circumstances so crude and fearful that it takes all her evocative authority to make them real to our imaginations—men and women remain recognizably the same.

So truly imagined are the details of this record, or so integrated from boundless research, that they seem grown together into some vivid and simple whole, unchallengeable as a memory.

There is the note, exactly struck and supported, of the girl's early life: a life orderly but elemental; dominated by the hard-working pioneer father who knows his Berkeley by heart; open to the glamourous report of their aristocratic tidewater cousins, on one side, and on the other to the visionary story of the bountiful and lovely land which Boone has found to the west, of the great meadow, Kentucky. There is the speech of the people, limited by their plainness, large with their dignity, innocent and strong, like the speech of poetry.

There is the great trek of the settlers through the mountains, told in casual pictures that cannot be forgotten. We count over what the pack horses carry—the cuts of woven cloth, the seeds, the few precious vessels, the salt, the bedding, the spinning wheel, the two books from the shelf of Diony's father. We feel the mounting fear as the trail mounts through the fresh, dark, deadly shadows, where the fires cannot be lighted, and at night "the dogs knew danger and were still." We see the line of small dauntless beings creeping upward through the great passes. We feel the panic of fulfilment as, rising over the highest mountains, the towering cliff wall of Kentucky at last blocks the path.

There is, finally, the life at Harrod's fort. Here items unimaginably strange assemble themselves, in their turn, into a living and familiar record: the record of the getting of food, the getting of clothing. And here, against these two tremendous realities that make up the whole of life, costing all that these people can invent or endure, their own story rises to its point of simple greatness. Berk leaves Diony, when their first child is still a baby, to track down the Indian who killed his mother. He is reported dead, and because a woman must have a hunter to fend for her in the wilderness, she marries Evan Muir. Berk returns. By the law of the place and the time, it is Diony's right to choose between them.

Miss Roberts does not change her key for this tragic drama, and it is impossible to decide, even upon rereading the scene, whether it represents the chief failure of her simplified approach, or its chief success. Beyond question we miss the intensity of mood which we feel to be the due of such a situation. It stands

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TRAMPING TO LOURDES

By John Gibbons

The author of this fascinating book is an English journalist who undertook a pilgrimage across France from St. Malo to Lourdes not for penance but for publication. No extraordinary adventures befell him but his story of the simple people and simple events which he observed on the way is told with such quiet humor, kindliness and keenness that the reader finds him a most pleasant traveling companion. This book is not in any sense pietistic nor does it attempt to give a serious discussion of the meaning of Lourdes and its miracles but rather it captures on paper the atmosphere of sturdy Catholicism of rural France and Lourdes. The end-papers contain a quaint map of the pilgrim's route which adds to the enjoyment of this book. $2.00.

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here, without relief or tragic enhancement, simply a part of the chronicle. But it may be truer history for being disappointing fiction. It may be that love in the wilderness had to be direct and commonplace and lacking in the luxuries of despair, even when it was deep. Perhaps men like Berk Jarvis spent their deepest exaltations, not on love, but on the religion of their destiny:

" 'The Shawnees couldn't put me in their pot,' I says, 'and the Shawnees are better men. When life goes outen me,' I says, 'the strong part goes too. You couldn't eat ne'er a bit of it. Whe'r I go to heaven or whe'r I go to hell or whe'r I go no place at all, whenever I go from here my strength goes along with me. I take my strong part and you'll never get it inside your kettle and you couldn't eat it into your mouth. God,' I says, 'what a dunce race it is here, to think it could eat strength the like of that!' "

MARY KOLARS.

A Novel of the Catacombs

Armor of Light, by Tracy D. Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

THERE is nothing more potential of misunderstanding than religious emotion; the difference between hysteria and authentic ecstasy full of grace is often of the most imponderable delicacy. Perhaps a little unwary of this, possibly with an enthusiasm well intentioned but oversimple as that of certain evangelicals, Frances Witherspoon and Tracy D. Mygatt, Mississippian and New Yorker respectively, and collectively Bryn Mawr graduates, social workers, authors and playwrights, essay an emotionally realistic novel of the early Christians.

The story deals with a meeting in the catacombs: a murder has been committed, a beloved young member of the flock is to be put to death for it, and while the solution of the crime is supposed to hold the reader in suspense, a number of more or less relevant anecdotes are related by members of the flock; then for a climax, a suspicious stranger has a sudden accession of religious fervor, admits the murder, and the whole story ends in great confusion.

Though this sort of thing may have happened and in the course of its narration it may make vivid the strenuous testimonials to their faith demanded of the early Christians, the noble imports of the book seem rather strained at than revealed by the welter of circumstances. Artistically we believe it misses by being too rapid. Though it deals with hectic matters, it should not deal with them hectically. As a thriller, the book misses by not adhering to a strict sequential unity. Some of the "bits" in it are brilliant and considered as a whole it is well above the average.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Matriarch

Spider Web, by Marjorie Worthington. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

HEDWIG MENDELSOHN is blood sister to Anastasia Rakonitz, heroine of Mrs. G. B. Stern's The Matriarch. A comparison between the two books becomes somewhat inevitable and from it Mrs. Worthington's novel must emerge as inferior. Doubtless this is due in great extent to the fact that Mrs. Mendelsohn is destructive where Madame Rakonitz is constructive. The former lies in her bed, a stricken mountain of a woman whose indomitable will is bent to the thwarting of her son-in-law on whose despised shoulders weighs the bur-

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den of her support and the rehabilitation of the Mendelsohn fortune. She is the spider and the web she weaves about the gentle Max Bickof, a weak rebel against his forced rôle of money grubber, is one of increasing financial demands. These he satisfies but at a price which rates high in the sacrifice of his ideals and happiness. When at last the invalid Hedwig releases her avid hold on life, Max as an individual is destroyed, but he faces the future with the grim satisfaction that the little fortune which she had left would insure the perpetuation in his daughter of those principles which Hedwig had most condemned and bitterly fought.

This is the only happy note struck in a book crammed with the bitternesses of failure, poverty, bickering and selfishness. One would like to feel that Mrs. Worthington's characters are special; instead the reader is forced to recognize the universality of their application. Because of this Spider Web wins for itself a higher place in the lists of current fiction than it would otherwise receive.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Potpourri

ALGAR THOROLD'S name as general editor vouches for the excellence of the Many Mansions Series (New York: The Macmillan Company. $.80 each) essays on the spirit and ideals of the chief religious orders of the Church. They are splendid little books for the communities to give an interested enquirer. Dom David Knowles, O.S.B., writes on the Benedictines, and Father John-Baptist Reeves, O.P., on the Dominicans. Occasional Sermons, by Cardinal Bourne (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00) are of varying date and interest. Those preached during the war show the assurance, so familiar then, that God was on the side of England. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman has given us a stimulating address on Peace, that peace which the world cannot give (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $1.00). His Glorious Body is a series of lenten meditations by Robert Norwood, an Episcopalian, all dealing with some aspect of Christ's Resurrection (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00). Alfred Scott Warthin's Creed of a Biologist (New York: Hoeber. $1.50) is a plea for eugenics. It is about as satisfying as sawdust in place of bread. The Christian Life, by Joseph Stump, president of Northwestern Lutheran Seminary (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50) is a sort of Lutheran moral theology with frequent references to the inadequacies of Roman Catholic teaching. The Social Work of the Churches, by F. Ernest Johnson (Federal Council of Churches) is a valuable handbook of information. But the bibliography is weak in Catholic material. The limitations of Abp. Goodier's book About the Old Testament (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.95) will be apparent when Jeremias gets less than two pages. Contrasted with this is Jeremiah the Prophet, by Raymond Calkins (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50) written, naturally, from a frankly Protestant viewpoint, but putting life and vigor into the man. The Message of Moses, by A. S. Wadia (London: Dent. $1.50) is an impressionistic sketch of little value. Christian Reunion in Ecumenical Light, by Francis J. Hall (New York: The Macmillion Company. $1.40) attempts to state the necessary basis for the organic and visible reunion of all Christendom. Dr. Hall is an Episcopalian. His book has the virtue of being clear and definite, which is a relief after so much vague writing on unity.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

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Briefer Mention

Spirals, by Aaron Marc Stein. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

IN HIS first novel, Spirals, Aaron Marc Stein seeks a midrib for his being. He does not see that really his Princeton years, in the four parts of his novel, are fashioned less by an ideal of personality than by the death of a friend. First the freshman, Tony (the author) is an atheist. When his friend, Sandy, is tossed from a toboggan and killed on a hillside stone, the perfect certainty collapses. Tony, the sophomore, drinks, thinks and longs for another intense friendship. The third year, as he studies art, he paints a head of Sandy; and when he is bullied by a stranger on a train he perceives the peril within physical power. As a senior he again paints Sandy, and decides to become an artist in Paris. To live, he concludes, is to bleed for a godlike perfection. Although the novel now is ended, the author never has sensed that the memory of Sandy has blurred the college days of Tony. At the age of twenty-three, Mr. Stein might have paused for a longer analysis of his fermentation. He was excessively absorbed in himself, and overlooked the pulse and color of his college world. He scarcely observed that his jerky, rat-a-tat style of writing completely riddles the pleasure of reading.

The Rise and Fall of Germany's Colonial Empire, by Mary Evelyn Townsend. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

IN HIS introduction to the present volume, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes says that Miss Townsend is "the first person to study intensively the whole range of Germany's colonial experiences and to relate it within the covers of a book." Here is a pioneer work, therefore, about a very interesting subject. The diversity of German settlements in all parts of the world prior to the war will come home to anyone who takes the trouble to examine a stamp collection. Miss Townsend reminds us, however, that they "actually amounted to only 1,027,000 square miles." These facts are accounted for by the late appearance (1884) of the empire as an imperialistic power. But of course the Germans have been colonizers far back into history, so that Miss Townsend can begin her narrative with the fifth century and still manage to devote the bulk of her book to developments since Bismarck. It is a scholarly, well-written and more than usually interesting chronicle.

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WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS was formerly in the American diplomatic service in Korea and Guatemala.

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KATHERINE MAYNARD sends us these letters from Boston, where lived the friend to whom Miss Guiney addressed them.

HENRY MARCOMBES writes from Tunisia where he has gone to attend the Eucharistic Congress at Carthage.

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